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and **BYSTANDER**

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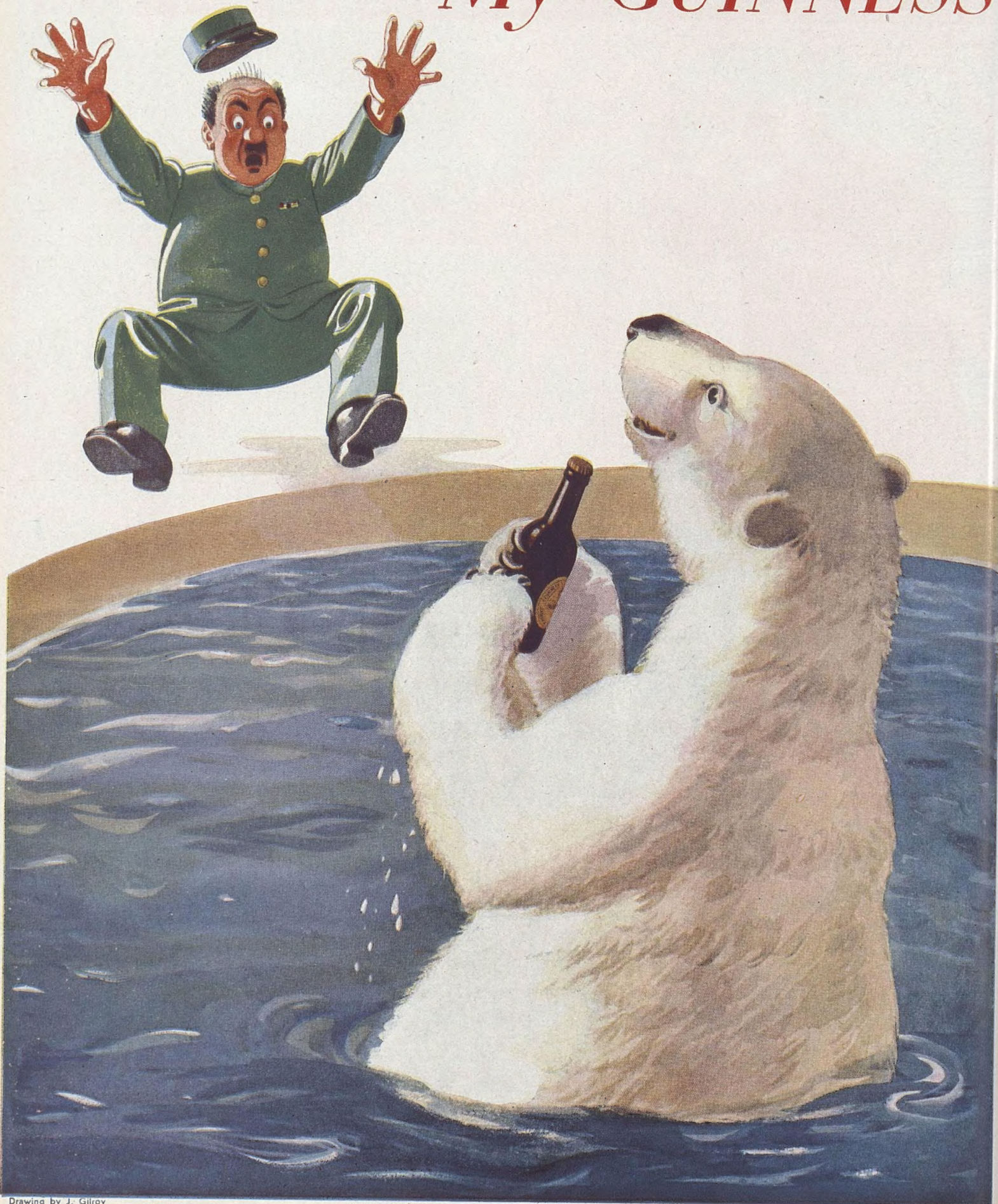
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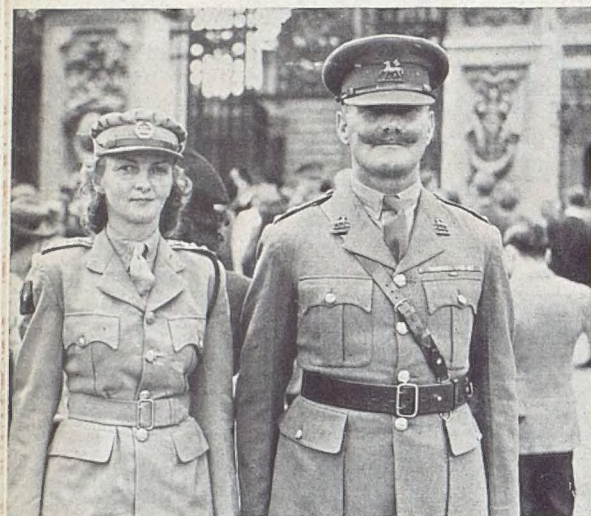
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Yevonde

Overseas With The Red Cross: Lady Willa Elliot

The younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, Lady Willa Elliot, is serving with the Red Cross in North-West Europe. She formerly worked in an aircraft factory so has had experience in two completely different types of war work. Born in 1924 she is the second of Lord and Lady Minto's four children, and has two younger brothers, Viscount Melgund and the Hon. George Elliot. Her elder sister, Lady Bridget Clark, married Lt.-Col. James Averell Clark, jr., U.S.A.A.F., in April of last year



At the Palace Gates

Junior Commander Duncombe, of the W.A.C., India, accompanied her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Duncombe, when he went to a recent investiture to receive the D.S.O. from the King



A Shore Engagement

Vice-Admiral Sir Denis Boyd took his wife and daughter with him to the Palace. Admiral Boyd, who received the K.C.B., is the Fifth Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Air Equipment



Yorkshire Cricket Captain Receives M.B.E.

Major Arthur Brian Sellars, the well-known Yorkshire cricketer, has been awarded the M.B.E. He was photographed leaving the Palace with his wife and Mrs. Massom



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

"Extravagant Nigger, Don't You Dare!"

FROM Oxford, till the war, fast cars were the scourge of my flimsy bank account. These last carless years as I prayed for Queensberry rules in the Tube or tried to snatch taxis from under American noses, I would grimly condemn past fecklessness. Who, I asked myself, would ever want a grand motor again? All one needed was just a virtuous unobtrusive run-about, a sort of "Little Man" of the automobile world.

Then, these recent weeks, with the rebirth of the basic ration, our sunny streets are once more adorned by sleek monsters, bubbling for the fast road, and making all their hatless passengers look young and handsome. The old nostalgia alas! begins to stir in me again. In that incomparable fantasia of Ronald Firbank, "Prancing Nigger," the coloured hero, dreaming of a starched pink shirt for his marriage, rouses himself to reality by crying: "Extravagant nigger, don't you dare!"

Every morning now I give myself the same admonition, yet I cannot get my mind off my last pet, an Overdrive Bentley of the utmost beauty, the only car that far from costing me anything, made me money.

Even at a distance of three years I cannot think of driving in silence at 95 m.p.h., or the efficiency of the de-icing equipment on the windscreen without deep emotion. R. says instead of a fast car she wants a helicopter to sink gently into the flowery meadows outside my sacked Belgian chateau. I suspect, however, that having a streak of the blue stocking she craves a helicopter because it looks rather like a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci. Or perhaps she is the modern type, and I an old fog of the motor age who can only

envisage freedom in terms of kilometre stones flashing by at eye level?

The Belgian Throne

THE futile muddle of the Belgian constitutional question seems only to grow with the passing days. At this spectacle of squander—squander of youth, of looks, of a great reputation, I am reminded of an eccentric Belgian savant, who once advanced to me the theory that the Royal House of his country were under a curse, put upon them by Congo witch-doctors, in revenge for sufferings brought upon Africa. Certainly disasters have crowded thickly upon this branch of the Saxe-Coburg line in the last eighty years. Domestic squabbles poisoned the old age of that shrewd and eccentric financier, Leopold II, the present King's great-uncle; King Albert died violently as did Queen Astrid, and now Leopold III is busy turning himself into a means for dividing his country more than language and disposition already partition it.

But then, for the last three generations a streak of extraordinary oddness has run through the dynasty. Leopold II, for instance, with his mortal fear of the common cold. Any lady who took his fancy could escape him whenever she wanted by sneezing. Every cold one caught, he held, shortened one's life by a year at least; and on wet days he could be seen, taking his constitutional outside his ungainly palace, the long rectangular beard encased in a mackintosh bag. . . .

The discussion of the present King's errors in the Chamber is a blunder of the first magnitude, a blunder no doubt precipitated by His Majesty's own stubbornness. The whole melancholy affair of course springs from the extraordinarily unaccommod-



Family Portrait: Three Little Girls and Their Mother

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands has returned from her wartime home in Canada. She travelled in the Queen Mary bringing with her her three little daughters, the youngest of whom, Princess Margriet, was born in Ottawa in 1943

Karsh Ottawa

dating nature of his character. Growing up at a moment just after the last war when the French were all too disposed to treat Belgium as their colony, attending the gallophobe university of Louvain, the King acquired an invincible anti-French prejudice; while his ideas of personal rule, so fatally evocative of our own George III, inclined him towards the authoritarian countries. His influence it was that prevented the concerting of Belgian defence with Anglo-French plans, he would not hear of the Maginot line being continued along the Belgo-German border, and at the time of Munich he insisted on deploying half the army along the French frontier, as if the Western Powers were as likely to break the peace as was Hitler.

Woe to the Dinner-Jacket

THE other night, two young matrons, both tall and beautiful, gave an admirable party. The girls were commanded to put on all their finery; for the men, nothing less than uniform or evening clothes. This should have been the first reviving spark of elegance; and indeed, the long dresses, the sparkling jewels and throats seemed the very essence of pleasure. But alas! the men ruined it all; for the civilian ones came in dinner-jackets; the eye sought in vain the graceful elongations of the tail-coat. And when all is said and done, how dumpy, how uninspired is the dinner-jacket! Only a breath away from the city-slicker's uniform. What a shame it is, we can expect no new fashion from the Potsdam Conference, as came out of the Vienna Congress.

Potsdam

How beautiful the park of Potsdam must be looking despite red boxes and self-important delegations. It is a place so lovely, I marvel that the war spared it. The town was of course set alight, so that the bell of the old Garrison church, after a mad impromptu carillon, liquefied. But unaccountably the palaces, coloured like Cornish cream, were spared. "Sans Souci," built by Knobersdorff, and the Neues Schloss, by the Hamburg architect S. G. Buring, are wonders of frivolous elegance. Personally, I would find it hard to treat seriously any international arrangement reached in that background of feathery rococo shells and scrolls.

I prefer the Neues Schloss. "Sans Souci" with its faintly bungalow air always conjures up for me a housing exhibition. Nevertheless, the little rooms sparkle and whisper to you of what outrageous quips or irreverent squabbles between the Philosopher King, Voltaire, and the portentous Maupertuis. Frederick the Great may have invented the technique of invasion without declaration of war. He remained for all that a true creature of the eighteenth century. Had Hitler or Goering possessed a hundredth part of his culture, this war might never have taken place. But on top of all their other crimes the flatulent tastelessness of the Nazis was inexcusable. The only sight of rubble which has ever pleased me was the pictures of this ruined Chancellery. I saw it opened one January day repulsive as only in Berlin a winter's day can be. A more boring piece of Wagnerian bombast it would be hard to find. Bush House not excepted.

Afro-Cuba

NIGHT-CLUBS have the trick of making every one in them at once more attractive and more sinister than they really are. The dusty scented air, furtive lights, close-locked bodies produce an atmosphere compared to which the Medici's little parties seem like Evangelical sewing-bees. It was almost with a sense of guilt, that I listened to Marino Barreto at the Embassy Club the other night, talk of his Afro-Cuban rumbas. His words seemed so innocent in that over-complicated air. As a child he spent long hours at semi-voodoo parties in Cuba listening intoxicated to the cabalistic rhythms. The simple themes which inspire this blood-curdling thrilling music lose nothing of their truth and passion by being transported half round the world. When Marino starts playing, the night-club waves with palm-leaves and hanging orchids, the painted faces of witch-doctors scowl from under the white table-cloths, the waiters bustle round carrying no gin but a wicked brew horribly concocted under the moon.

Surely the rumba is the most exciting dance to come into fashion since the waltz first shocked the Vienna of Joseph II. But to my infinite regret



Victory Parade in the German Capital

Mr. Churchill took the Salute at the Great Victory Parade in Berlin. Afterwards he inspected the men taking part including detachments of many well-known regiments, the Desert Rats, the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. Field-Marshal Montgomery is seen at the Saluting Base with Mr. Churchill, Field-Marshal Alexander and Mr. Anthony Eden, who still unfortunately looks far from well



Having a Quick One in a Potsdam Garden

During his stay in Potsdam Mr. Attlee was visited by Mr. Joseph E. Davies, the American Ambassador, and the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. J. C. Dunn. The complicated affairs of world history were for the moment forgotten and the three men enjoyed a few moments' relaxation in a quiet corner of the lovely gardens which were put at the disposal of the British representatives

I hear that since my day in Havana the cunga with its fussy and ungainly beat is ousting the rumba.

Banqueting Hall

I PASSED last Sunday with a relative who lives in Hampton Court Palace. The crowds came surging and whooping below the decorous apartment. Then good fortune wafted me away from noise and bustle. For I was privileged to see a beauty of the place denied to most of us—the Banqueting Hall of William III which lies separate from the main buildings, athwart the tow-path. Years ago, walking one evening by the river, I caught through a lighted window the vision of an enchanted room. And the reality far surpasses my expectations. The Banqueting Hall is painted from top to floor by Verrio, a dreary painter as a

rule, but here rising to great magnificence. With its garlands, the transformation of Daphne against an Egyptian red, and the surrounding woodwork painted a dead lilac and gilt, this is by far the most noble conceit at Hampton Court. I was enchanted to see that a figure of Astronomy on the ceiling bore a close resemblance to Harpo Marx . . .

Marx in the Corner

I SAW him once in the Casino at Cannes behave as one might have hoped of him. At chemin-de-fer he drew to an eight. At once the table, quite a low one, was in an uproar. Cries of "Voyons" and "tout de même, monsieur" bounced this way and that. Harpo Marx rose in shame. A few minutes later he was found standing on his head in a corner of the bar, face to the wall. He had put himself in the corner . . .

Myself at the Pictures

Fraternity Square

By James Agate

THE much-heralded *I Live In Grosvenor Square* has arrived at last and is safely and, I may say, successfully housed in those twin mansions Warners and the Empire. The pre-trumpeting of a picture always fills me with misgiving. When I am told, for example, that Miss D's part in the new film "is the greatest, most dramatic, most thrilling rôle ever undertaken by any actress" I yawn. Because I just know it isn't.

BUT *I Live*, etc., is not at all bad. It certainly has some glaring faults, and perhaps it were best to deal with these first. It is much too long. And what, pray, is it all about? Simply the vagaries of an aristocratic miss (Anna Neagle) divided between her affection

for an American sergeant (Dean Jagger), who is billeted in her grandfather's house in Grosvenor Square, and a man of her own class, an officer and prospective politician (Rex Harrison). The old, old stuff. The heroine's trepidations—"I do like you, Johnnie, honest to goodness I do"—her hesitations—"I thought I loved Peter, but I was wrong, it's you I love"—her fluctuations—"I do love Peter after all, though I did think it was Johnnie I loved". Can anything be more tiresome and more boring? I know, I know—the average film-goer adores this theme and all its variations, and will sit for hours open-mouthed in admiration and wonder at these fatuous little Madam Can't-Make-Up-Their-Minds.



Anna Neagle With the B.L.A.

Anna Neagle, who is appearing with Rex Harrison in "French Without Tears" for E.N.S.A., was photographed while visiting a hospital, with Colonel Dickson, R.A.M.C., the commanding officer, and the matron of the hospital.



La Grande Illusion is the story of de Boeldieu, Maréchal, and Rosenthal, a rich Jew, who are sent as prisoners of war to Germany. They plan to escape, but de Boeldieu is shot by the commandant of the camp, von Rauffenstein. Rosenthal and Maréchal get away and are given shelter by a widowed German girl who falls in love with Maréchal. The two prisoners get over the frontier but Maréchal promises to come back to the girl after the war. (Above) Erich von Stroheim as von Rauffenstein and Pierre Fresnay as de Boeldieu



(Above) Jean Gabin as Maréchal and Pierre Fresnay as de Boeldieu on their arrival at the German prison camp. (Below) Dita Parlo as the German peasant girl with her little daughter

BUT of course the two hours are not entirely filled with these amorous combinations and permutations—there are other things. There is the Duke of Exmoor, for instance, who is played by Robert Morley and is a very good-natured, good-humoured, good-hearted duke indeed, always handing cups of tea to what he is humorously pleased to call his "paying guests," giving presents—I knew at one point for certain that he would fish out some Last War relic and present it to one of the Yanks with the usual tearful "This belonged to my son—I am sure you would like to have it"—to which the Yank replies that he has no words with which to express his thanks—and hasn't! The Duke who seems to spend most of his time trimming hedges and driving about in what to me looked like a misshapen wheelbarrow. That is the Duke; of which I permit myself to remark with no disrespect that he appears to be by Tom Robertson out of Ouida Corelli.

THEN there is the housekeeper (Nancy Price). Here, I think, is the place to point out what I hold to be another of the faults of this picture. All the characters are so good and kind, so well-bred, so generous, so hospitable. Even Nancy, who certainly starts off by giving the frozen mitt to Dean Jagger, thaws, in the later shots is all smiles and saccharine, presiding at her seventy-second birthday-party, given in her honour by the P.G.'s. who, of course, sing that, to us, slightly silly tune without which no American natal feast would be complete.

AND then there is the Duke's cousin (Irene Vanbrugh) who is urbanity itself. There is Dean's buddy—(sorry, I can't remember his name)—who is fidelity itself. There is Rex's rival parliamentary candidate, who is noble-heartedness itself. There is a delightful Colonel. There are two golden-hearted girls in a train. There is a butler of overpowering

fully"), and sometimes of that fearsome monosyllabic kind which I have heard called Basic American. The latter is the kind mainly adopted in the numerous love scenes between Anna and her two swains.

BUT the film is well-acted. Both Rex and Dean are excellent. Anna has little else to do but to be sweet and sweet she duly is. If in the one scene where she could do a bit of real acting, she doesn't do it—well, there is probably an excellent reason for it. But truth compels me to say that the picture is dominated, held and entirely run off with by Irene Vanbrugh and Nancy Price. When you hear those voices, watch those gestures, note the faultless timing, the elegance and the virtuosity attained by the simplest means—when either of these superb war-horses takes the stage we say: She paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in her strength. She swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. She smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the leading man and the applause.



Junior Miss revolves round the dynamic character of a high-spirited twelve-year-old (Peggy Ann Garner) who attempts to run the affairs of her family with often quite disastrous results. She succeeds in bringing together her prodigal uncle with the daughter of her father's boss, J.B., which, together with other complications, results in her father losing his job owing to J.B.'s fury. However, all ends well, and the family manage to survive despite the antics of their younger daughter. (Above) Mona Freeman, Allyn Joslyn, Peggy Ann Garner and Sylvia Field

ancestry and charm. Every one is delightful, every one pays compliments, every one is out for a good time, gives a good time, has a good time. In fact, it's like being cooped up for hours with endless Cheerybles, Tapleys, Cousin Feenixes (without the wit) and all the people whom you would run a mile to avoid. At times I prayed for an ounce of Bogart to sour my imagination.

I TAKE it that the whole thing is an elaborate effort to promote goodwill and understanding between the Americans and ourselves. Good. But must the management, in order to do this, give us quite such an improbable version of English town and country life during the war? Do the granddaughters of dukes really talk of "civvy street," and say "maybe"

when they mean "perhaps"? Have British officers in wartime so much leisure that they can stump the country canvassing for votes? Do English dukes take their titles from the village in which they happen to have an estate? (I know comparatively few dukes.) Do singers at service clubs perform on a cottage piano, and do the guests lining the stairs sing the chorus of a song they have never heard before? Are the halls in Grosvenor Square the size of a concert-hall and the sitting-rooms the dimensions of Olympia? Like Rosa Dartle, I only ask for information.

THE dialogue seems to be a composite business. Part of it is quite smart, even to borrowing from Wilde ("Do you understand what you say?" "Yes, when I listen care-



Swaebe

At Film Premiere

The Hon. Karis Mond, Lord and Lady Melchett's only daughter, came to "Incendiary Blonde" with her grandmother, Violet Lady Melchett. They were studying their programmes with interest



More Well-Known Personalities who attended the Film Premiere of "Incendiary Blonde"

Lieutenant Littlejohn Cook, who for five years was a prisoner of war, and is now working in the Foreign Office, brought his mother, who is the chairman and founder of the All-Services Canteen Club. They are with the Hon. Mrs. Fergus Macnaghten

The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who is a daughter of the first Lord Hirst, was at the Premiere with her husband, Captain Leslie Gamage. The Premiere was in aid of the £1,000,000 Victory Ex-Service Club Fund

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who was President of the committee for the Premiere of the film, was photographed in the foyer with her husband, the Marquess of Carisbrooke

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On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The Ulster Visit

THEIR MAJESTIES' three-days visit to Ulster was an unqualified success, as every Royal visit to the Six Counties, with their traditional loyalty, may expect to be: and this time there was the added interest of Princess Elizabeth, who won the hearts of all Ulstermen and women, meeting her for the first time in their own country.

For the Duke of Abercorn, who was receiving the King and Queen as Governor of Northern Ireland for the last time, the visit had a special significance. The King marked the occasion by bestowing on the seventy-six-year-old Duke, who has been Governor for twenty-three years, the unusual honour of the Royal Victorian Chain, founded by King Edward VII. in 1902, and previously given to only fourteen people, including the King himself. The Investiture took place in private at Government House, Hillsborough, where the King and Queen and the Princess stayed as the guests of the Duke and Duchess. After dinner each evening there were unrehearsed and remarkable scenes, when the Orange drummers serenaded the Royal visitors with the strange and fearsome music of the "Lambegs"—the big ceremonial Ulster drums, ornamented with portraits of the Duke of Abercorn and other notabilities.

At Stormont, where, in the principal function of the visit, the King read a message to members of both Houses of Parliament, the King and Queen and the Princess met most of the leading figures in Ulster, including the judges and the Lords-Lieutenant of all Six Counties, and the Queen had a special word of greeting for the three women members, Mrs. Dehra Parker, Mrs. Irene Calvert and Mrs. Dinah M'Nabb. The Marquess of Londonderry, who received Their Majesties as Lord-Lieutenant of County Down when they arrived at the Parliament buildings, received them later in the day in another capacity at Queen's University, of which he is Chancellor.

After the purely Parliamentary proceedings had ended, with senators and M.P.s cheering the visitors, the King held a formal Investiture in the big stone-pillared hall, with Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, his naval equerry, acting in place of Lord Clarendon as a temporary deputy Lord Chamberlain.

One Ulster tradition which could not be observed at the end of the visit was the public farewell, with the drums banging and the crowd singing "Will ye no' come back again?" on the shores of Belfast Lough. Instead, the Royal party left privately by air from Eglinton R.N.A.S. station after their trip up the historic Foyle River to Londonderry.

Grouse

PROSPECTS of a good grouse season to mark the year of victory in Europe are heralded by advance reports from Scotland, especially in Aberdeenshire. The King, who this year will be shooting for the first time over a newly-acquired moor adjoining the original Balmoral estate, is looking forward more than ever to a few weeks of outdoor sport and comparative freedom from State duties. He hopes to leave London on the night of August 10 for the North, accompanied by the Queen and both Princesses.

"Lights Up" Ball

THE magnificent sum of just over £1000 was raised by the "Lights Up" Ball at Grosvenor House, as a start towards the £100,000 needed by the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs to carry out their post-war plans. The Association have already opened a club in Devonshire Street as a National Club for young people. Here they have a large sitting-room, a well-stocked library, and a snack-bar which provides breakfast, lunch, tea and light suppers, and they even provide sandwiches for members going on a long journey. There is also very good bedroom accommodation for members wanting somewhere to stay in

London, at a very reasonable charge. The membership is reasonable, too, ranging from half-a-crown a year for junior country members to one guinea a year for senior members living in London. Other post-war plans of the Association are to furnish and equip Avon Tyrrell, Hampshire, the gift of Lord Manners, as a holiday club-house and training centre for young people, and to forge a chain of holiday houses throughout the country where young people can have a good holiday at a price they can afford.

Lady Hamond-Graeme, as chairman of the Ball, worked hard for its success, and had a party of over a hundred, many of them boys and girls in the Forces on short leave. The patrons of the ball were the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mrs. Anthony Eden, Mrs. Walter Elliot and Baroness Ravensdale, who once again worked hard in a good cause; she has always taken the keenest interest in clubs for young people, and for twenty-five years has devoted much of her time and energy to the Highway Clubs of East London, where she has done so much good and is so beloved.

Guests at the Ball

LADY HAMOND-GRAEME, looking charming in white, had a long table down one side of the room, and amongst her guests were Lord and Lady Denham, Sir Harry and Lady Haig, Lady Ovey and her daughter, Mrs. Victor Cartwright, who had come up from Warwickshire, and Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland

(Continued on page 138)



Smiling and Serious: Lieut. Tony Chute and Miss Sarah Birkin were sitting out in between dances



Will You Smoke? Miss Bridget Verney offered a well-filled cigarette-case to Lieut. G. I. L. Greenlees



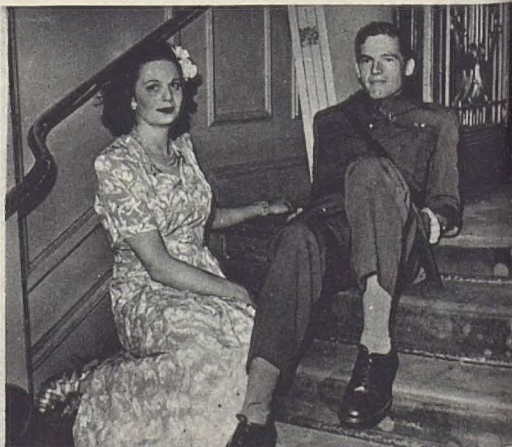
A Good Listener: Miss Molly Abel Smith was being very well entertained by Lieut. Henry Sherbrooke



The Major Tells a Story: Miss Juliet Colman was highly amused by what Major P. W. Marsham was telling her



Cocktails for Two: Together were Lord and Lady Stratheden and Campbell's eldest daughter, the Hon. Moyra Campbell, and Lieut. D. Hay



Sitting Out On the Stairs: Miss Vivien Mosley and Capt. Robert Eden preferred a less conventional place to rest



On the Dance Floor: One of the sponsors of the "Lights Up" Ball was Lady Ravensdale, who was dancing with an American officer



Anglo-American Humour: Lady Iris O'Malley, the Marquess of Carisbrooke's only child, and Capt. Barry Fox, U.S. Army, were looking highly amused

● The "Lights Up" Ball at Grosvenor House, which was given in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, was a great success. The chairman was Lady Hamond-Graeme, and patrons were the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lady Ravensdale and Mrs. Walter Elliot, who were both at the Ball. A very amusing cabaret was provided by Mr. Leslie Henson, Miss Hermione Baddeley and Mr. Walter Crisham, with Mr. Carrol Gibbons and his band, who entertained everybody with excerpts from "The Gaieties," all of which helped to complete a successful evening



Two Military Escorts: Mrs. Montague Kavanagh came accompanied by her husband, Capt. Montague Kavanagh (left), and Capt. Richard Kerr

Long Frocks and Uniform

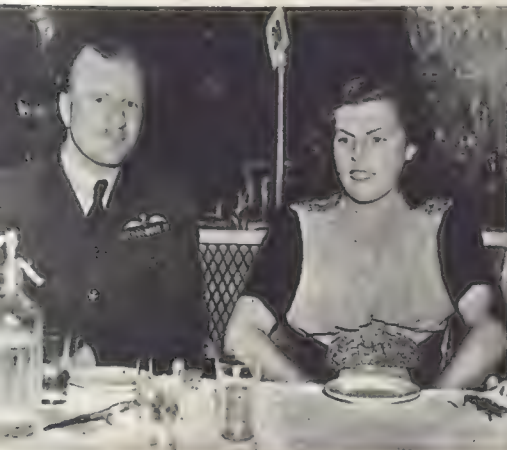
"Lights Up" Ball at Grosvenor House



Taking a Serious View: Capt. Ian Stewart and Miss Ann Brook Edwards were looking pensive

Cavalry Officer and His Wife: A young married couple in Lady Chesham's party were Capt. and Mrs. Hugh Waller

Food and Wine for Three: Capt. Robert Eden, Lady Stratheden and Campbell, and Mrs. Walter Elliot, who was one of the sponsors



Air Ace: S/Ldr. M. Birkin was with Miss L. Rooke, who comes from Badminton, in Gloucestershire

Two Cousins: Miss Lucy Dorrien Smith was with her cousin, Lieut. the Hon. Roger Keyes, R.N., Lord Keyes' son and heir

Side by Side: Looking pleased with life were Miss Mary Brook Edwards, whose mother is Lady Chesham, and Capt. John Ford

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Emmet, who had just returned from a short visit to Ireland. Among the younger generation were Lord Rocksavage, Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, who is training at Pirbright before joining the Coldstream Guards, and his sister, June. Two Wrens enjoying an evening in mufti were Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten's elder daughter, Patricia, who looked charming in a dress of red and black, and Miss Mary Emmet, who looked pretty in a long printed dress; both these girls joined the women's branch of the Senior Service as soon as they were old enough after leaving school, and have worked hard for the last couple of years of the war.



Swaebe

Brigadier's Daughter Christened

The younger daughter of Brigadier Darley Bridge, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Darley Bridge was christened Paula Valerie at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Mrs. Bridge is seen after the christening with Paula Valerie and her two-year-old elder daughter, Joanna Jane



Two July Weddings Which Took Place in London

Lieut.-Cdr. Thomas Mervyn Dorrien Smith, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. Dorrien Smith, of Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles, married Princess Tamara Imeretinsky, eldest daughter of F/Lieut. Prince Michael Imeretinsky, R.A.F.V.R., and Princess Michael Imeretinsky, of The Ham Cottage, Wantage, Berks

Lieut. Andrew E. Cooper, R.A., only son of the late W/Cdr. R. F. C. Cooper, and of Mrs. E. Page, of Little Bias, Croyde, married Miss Roxane Joyce Mitton, daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. W. Mitton, of Heathfield, Banwell, Somerset, and niece of Sir Edward Naylor Leyland, of Nantclwyd Hall, Ruthin, N. Wales

Others in the party were Capt. Kavanagh, who is in the Life Guards, with his attractive wife; Mr. Peter du Buisson, Major Philip Fielden, Mr. Jim Emmet and Lord Buckhurst. Lady Ravensdale had a big party at her table, too; these included her attractive niece, Miss Vivien Mosley, who has been working in a factory for the past four years; she was wearing a blue and white printed dress, with white flowers in her hair.

Mr. Osbert Peake, who brought his daughter, Sonia, was another guest, and so were Lord and Lady Stratheden, who brought several young people with them.

At another table a party of young people included Mr. Paul Methuen, who is in the Scots Guards; Miss Elizabeth Batten, looking pretty in pale pink; Mr. Myrrdin Evans and Miss Elizabeth Richmond, who arrived just in time for the dance, having come straight off duty from Fulmer Chase Hospital, where she works as a V.A.D.

Young Dancers

PRINCESS TERI OF ALBANIA, in black, was dancing most of the evening; so was Lady Iris O'Malley, who was with a big party of friends—Capt. Lionel Massey, Miss Balfour, Miss Abel Smith, Major Henry Lenanton, the Hon. Mrs. Cornwallis, Capt. Pat Buckley, Miss Lucas-Tooth, looking pretty in green, Miss June Wilson, Lt. Wingfield and Miss Ursula Parkin. Among those who took tables were Lady Camrose, Mrs. John Baron, Mrs. Bennet, the Hon. Mrs. Coke, Miss Readen Harris, Mrs. Walter Jones, Lady Portman, Mrs. Rooke, Lady Enid Turner, Miss Verney, Miss J. Reid-Walker, Col. Concannon, Mrs. de Hart, Mrs. Littlewood, Lady Manning, Mrs. Walter Elliot, Lady Chesham, Mrs. Redfern and many more.

Scottish Newsreel

ALTHOUGH the time is not yet ripe for the revival of Highland games, gatherings and balls—those highlights of yester-years—the

(Concluded on page 152)



Scottish Personalities at the Eighth I.T.C. Highland Games, Held at Muirton Park, Perth

Brodrick Vernon

Mrs. Dundas and Mrs. Roper Caldbeck, who is the wife of General Neil Roper Caldbeck, came together. Mrs. Dundas's husband is a Major in the Black Watch, and recently returned to this country after having been a prisoner for four years

Interested spectators were Lieut. Ben Leslie and Miss Marnie Maclachlan, who is the elder daughter of the late Maclachlan of Maclachlan, of Castle Lachlan, Argyll. She is at present serving in the A.T.S.

Mrs. Charles Anderson came over from Rohallion Lodge, Murthly, for the Highland Games. She is the wife of Lieut.-Col. Charles Anderson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and a sister of Sir William Jardine, of Applegirth



Judging the puppies were Colonel John Lowther, who is Master of the Pytchley, and Mr. W. Pope, huntsman of the Grafton

Prelude to Post-War Hunting

The Whaddon Chase Hunt Puppy Show at the Kennels, Ascott, Leighton Buzzard



Five M.F.H.s at the Show were Major H. T. Morton, of the Whaddon Chase, Colonel M. Beaumont and Mrs. Lloyd-Mostyn, Joint-Masters of the Bicester, Colonel John Lowther, of the Pytchley, and Colonel W. C. Devereux, of the Old Berkeley



Mrs. Morton, wife of the Master of the Whaddon Chase, presented the Digby Whithead Cup to Mrs. Manning for the best puppy of last season



"Tawdrey" poses well for the camera. He was shown as best puppy for last season, and won the Digby Whithead Cup for his walker, Mr. Manning



Enjoying everything were Mrs. M. K. Beasley, and Mrs. Leslie Judd, who is a follower of the Whaddon Chase, and goes exceptionally well to hounds



Miss Morton, who is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Morton, was on leave to see the show. She is a subaltern in the A.T.S. and a member of the W.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.)



Three people who were taking an interest in what was going on were Mr. Boyd-Thomson, Mr. Judd and Major Sir Reginald Bonsor

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF Hitler and Eva Braun have fled to Patagonia, as reported recently to the U.S. Embassy at Buenos Aires, they must have enjoyed a fair amount of music by this time, for our hairy and songful kinsmen the Welch have a large colony there, as you may know. Undoubtedly Hitler's advisers, with that tireless German passion for detail, have foreseen and arranged for this, words and costume.

Rather like the opening of a fairy story from the *Mabinogion* or the Black Book of Carmarthen it looks to us—the sudden apparition of two travel-stained Druids, robed in green, sharing a hymnbook outside the up-country estancia of a primitive, passionate, suspicious Mr. Jones.

"Cootness cracious iss it singing hymns in Gorsedd they are?"

"Run you, Plotwen, quickly for my refolfer."

"You will not shoot at them whateffer, Mr. Chones?"

"Inteet to Cot I will plow their prains out, Mrs. Efans."

"For why do you act so crumpy, Mr. Chones?"

"Py Cot it iss fery crafe suspicions I am hafing that it iss Rees the Coal and his apominable taughter they are, Fat Cwladys that peat the Open Soprano from our Plotwen in the last Eisteddfod whateffer."

Having fired, missed, and discovered the strangers to be a couple of wandering Saesneg music-lovers who have walked

all the way from Merthyr Tydvil to hear a real Patagonian male-voice choir laying into a world-famous cantata by Mrs. Grwrcffrwg Lloyd, Mr. Jones's hospitality would be extended at once. Before long the entire ranch would soon be wiping its eyes over the romantic story.

"Tiss a fery nople and peneficial act whateffer, Mrs. Chones."

"Inteet, inteet. There will be creat toings, look you, up at Lloyd George Hall this fery night."

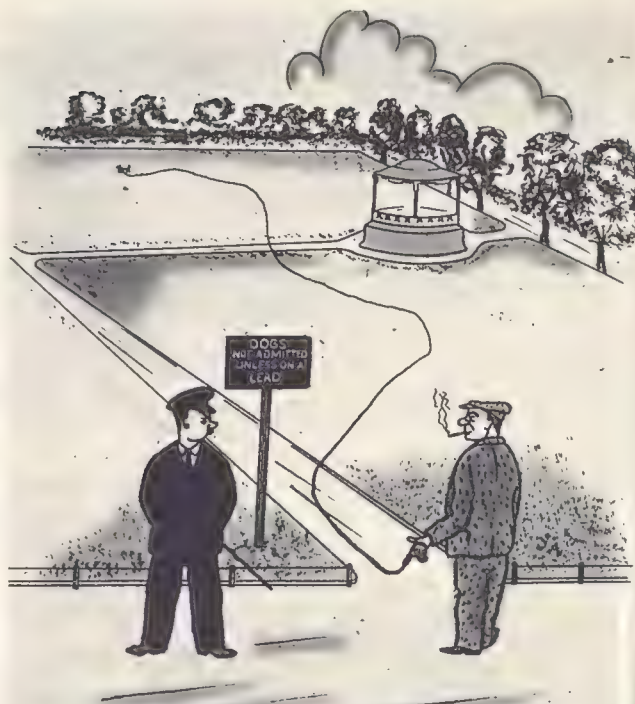
"Make you out their pill for this tea-trinking, Plotwen fach."

Footnote

IT should be explained that the Mr. Jones above emigrated, with his family, from Cardiganshire, where the natives are alleged by the rest of Wales to charge their dying mothers for the funeral wreath. Had he been a Pembrokeshire man; and our kinsman, the story would have been very different and quite enchanting.

Escapist

IS Mr. Gundar Haegg, the Swedish runner, who has just set up a new world-record, an enviable man or is he not? Does a citizen who can move a mile away from a given spot on his flat feet in four minutes and



Bub

one and four-tenths seconds escape a lot of things (bores, creditors, women, mad dogs), or does he just run into trouble somewhere else? Don't bother to reply.

We once thought fast swimmers plunging madly out to sea had a good line of escape, but they have to return for their clothes. This vital thought struck us years ago on the shores of the Hellespont, across which Leander did his famous fast crawl to and from Hero, his love. Byron, who swam the Hellespont some centuries later for fun, didn't enjoy it much. Nor, we suspect, did the dripping Leander, who would have looked far less awkward as he

staggered into Hero's boudoir ("Heavens, mind the carpet!") had he been able to run the journey instead. He could also have shown Hero how to grip corks. Women like that. How clearly one sees the honest sunburned fellow in his running-pants with the Hellenic A.A. badge, making distraught conversation and thinking of the jolly run home.

"Do you like running, Mr. Leander?"

"Oh, yes. Awfully jolly."

(Silence.)

"Will you stay and have some lunch?"

"No, thanks. Got to keep fit."

"Why?"

That's the question that stumps all true hearties. Even blue-eyed Mr. Haegg, the Boy Streak of Lightning, we guess. Keepin' fit? Rather! Keepin' fit for what, Mr. Haegg?

Check

FOR composing and selling at 18/9 per bottle a cocktail called "Gay Nights Extra Special," consisting of coloured cider, a London factory has been fined £50, which shows what our native wine industry has to put up with.

It is impossible, one of the Wine and Food Society boys was telling us, for British



"I always say I like to have a place for everything"

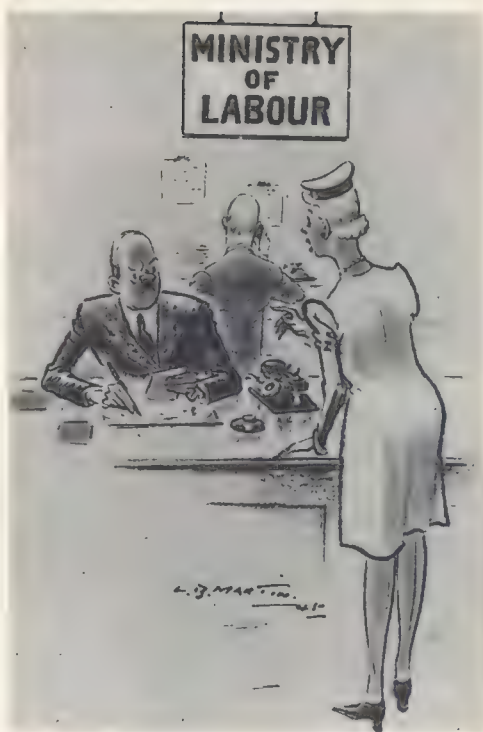
winemakers to compete with the vineyards of the Continent on such hampering terms, even though French viniculture is almost medieval in its lack of push and efficiency. For example, in the case of Romanée-Conti, a vintage formerly much cherished by gourmets, the grapes are still picked by hand one by one, and examined closely, like pearls, and if any year's crop is not up to a certain standard the wine is not put on the market at all. Compare the business method of Bung-Ho Vinous Products, Ltd., which can turn out 5000 bottles per day of any kind of wine you fancy from its immense new factories near Huddersfield, and has a staff of fifty chemists (B.Sc. Lond.) working night and day.

Possibly what the native industry needs is more official recognition. There is a well-known story of the 17th-century Duc de Richelieu (or somebody) ordering his troops to present arms on passing the Chambertin (or was it the Corton?) vineyards. If a guard of honour of Household Cavalry were accorded Sir Nero Rottgütz of Baccho Concessions, Ltd., every time he waddled out to lunch, and if the Board of Trade placed more formaldehyde at the industry's disposal, foreign wines would be swept off British tables in no time, this chap thought. Especially if the *sommeliers* at West End restaurants were compelled to stop that funny business with the labels.

Loss

WITH misery in their lustrous orbs, our spies report, the women of Bedford glide to and fro today, stretching out white hands in vain after the BBC Symphony Orchestra boys, who have just left for London after four years in their midst.

The children of Bedford (who according to Sir John Squire are one of the sights of that picturesque town as they cycle home from school in droves to the colonels' wives who bore them) likewise miss the handsome



"Did you say light house-work or lighthouse work?"

swaggering cavaliers who patted their heads and flung them largesse. As for the burghers of Bedford, our information is that they spent those four years under the blankets shamming dead, like the burghers in *La Kermesse Héroïque*. Yet for the most part the BBC boys' behaviour was perfect, our informant added. Hardly a fortnight after their arrival locked doors and shuttered windows were flung open and the women of Bedford emerged, shyly accepting bold compliments from fiercely-mustachioed

oboes, and inexpensive gifts from dashing clarinets. The dreaded BBC commander had warned his men—the woodwind especially—that any breach of propriety during the occupation would be punished by instantly shooting the offender in his tracks.

Hobby

THAT unpublished Rousseau manuscript which was to have been auctioned at Sotheby's the other day has been withdrawn, we observe, for further examination by the experts, one of whom doubts its authenticity.

This step seems sound enough. When the Eighteenth Century was not drunk, it was forging. Shakespeare manuscripts and signatures were its tea especially. The industrious Mr. William Ireland for example produced some exquisite mortgage-deeds, letters, and verses written by the Bard. Having put these across the big bonnets, who swallowed them hook, line and sinker, Mr. Ireland grinned and produced an entire manuscript play of Shakespeare's from his sleeve called *Vortigern*, which had one night's run at Drury Lane and received the bird. Other Shakespeare forgers of the period were Jordan, a Stratford citizen who discovered that charming cottage of Anne Hathaway's, had she ever thought of living in it, and George Steevens, Johnson's friend. Why these boys took such immense trouble to deceive the Race has never been explained.

Rousseau's handwriting, which we have seen, is very easy to forge, being prim, regular, and spinsterly; just the kind of script we have always wanted to submit to one of those "character-by-your-handwriting" experts. After they had informed you that the writer was quiet, neat, shy, orderly, discreet, tactful, and well-balanced, you could inform them that Rousseau was a raving exhibitionist and neurotic with persecution-mania. Not that they'd believe it. You can't fool an expert.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Wait for me, Major Barclay—better the reptile I know than the reptile I don't"

Priscilla in Paris

Bastille Day—Ebb and Flow

DO.A.H.—During the night of July 14-15th I was on duty with the ambulance at the Hotel Lutetia, one of the big caravanserais of the Left Bank, where, in the D.D.D. (dear, dull days) before the war, all good provincials used to go, thrilled by the bloated décor that, no doubt, appealed to their sense of super-luxury. Now it has been turned into a big D.P. (displaced persons) centre. One is greeted, on entering, by the Lady with the Bug Powder, who—careless of one's No. 1 best uniform—syringes one with insect powder that may—or may not—kill bugs but certainly destroys one's vision, one's sense of smell, and one's appetite when, opening one's mouth to protest, one gets a mouthful! The big hall and passages on the ground floor are hung with photographs and descriptions of missing men and women. They are displayed there with the forlorn hope that they may be recognised by those who have returned from "the jaws of hell" and will perhaps be able to give news of "when last seen"! It seems improbable, however, that any resemblance remains between a man, woman or child who has been—if only for a few weeks—in any German prison camp and their photograph taken before captivity.

Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, officials in—and out of—uniform, and crowds of assistantes sociales, overrun the place. The ornate dining-room has become a canteen. The tables, sticky with jam, greasy with potted meats, and sloppy with spilled coffee, are piled high with loaves of bread that are quickly chopped into door-step sandwiches. A loud-speaker bellows unintelligible messages. All the sights and sounds of willing, voluntary workers doing their always-slightly-hysterical-best to make themselves useful and, on the whole, achieving their aim most creditably.

UPSTAIRS in the bedrooms, furnished with the strange chairs and ornate beds of inlaid wood and tortured brass, upholstered with the hideous "crushed velvet" dear to the interior decorators of 1900, the D.P.s rest and sleep and play cards or talk . . . talk . . . Talk interminably unless they are sunk in the awful apathy of those who have lost the power of speech and to whom every effort is too great. There are also those who have returned to find nothing but sorrow awaiting them. I shall never forget the eyes of a man who sat alone fingering a bunch of keys. His wife had gone away with another man, but she had sent him the keys of their house with a laconic message. She evidently considered herself quite magnanimous, for in the note he showed me she wrote: "I am leaving you all the potatoes and the new wireless, although I have paid for it all myself!"

Another man had a six-year-old child perched stiffly on his knees, where some well-meaning soul had placed her. His arms dangled woodenly: he was not touching her and not even looking at her, while she stared at him with big, frightened eyes. There was a black crêpe bow in her hair. The day before his arrival the mother had died of typhus, contracted while hanging round the stations and D.P. centres, hoping for his return. "And here am I," he said to me, "having come through years of hell safely!" The child was no comfort. They were strangers to each other, and one had the grim feeling that he resented Fate's choice. How could one blame him?

TOWARDS midnight I had to go off on a hurry call to fetch a wounded man. The streets were full of happy crowds dancing at the street corners despite the terrific heat that had prostrated Paris in the daytime. All the public buildings were illuminated, flags dangled everywhere—there was no breeze to stir them—and floodlighting bathed the Concorde and Notre-Dame in a silver glow. The bridges over the Seine, where one had the best view of the fireworks on the river, were densely packed, and the big ambulance slowly slid its way through the mass, almost pushing the people out of the

way. They laughed and squeezed aside gaily with good-tempered readiness. It was a wonderful night for the young and carefree. American and British soldiers must have had the time of their lives. The French boys were not quite so much in demand! One hates to use the old cliché about cupboard-love, but chocolate and cigarettes carry weight in the Entente Cordiale!

The Welcome Centre at the Gare de l'Est was full of returning D.P.s, soldiers on leave, Red Cross workers, and the usual trimmings of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. I found my wounded hero and his pal in the dispensary. They were two coloured soldiers, one of whom showed a torn, gashed face, from which the blood still seeped through the thick bandages that covered his head; he was feeling rather sorry for himself. We got him in the ambulance and rushed him off to the nearest military hospital as quickly as possible, his pal giggling quietly all the while. "What the hell are you laughing about?" I enquired crossly. "Oh, Mama, how can I not laugh," the boy answered. "He, Cath'lic . . . d'ink wine . . . get debbil in him and put his head th'ough ca'idge window!" "Not so funny!" I snorted. "Haven't you ever had a drop too much at holiday time?" "Oh, no, Mama, me Muhammadan . . . good Muhammadan not d'ink wine!" And he rumbled off into another throaty gurgle. The hospital padre, who was standing by, caught my eye and grinned ruefully as if to say: "Can you find the answer to that?" I haven't yet!

PRISCILLA.

Colette sur Son Balcon

Mlle. Colette is the famous French writer and the only woman member of the Académie Goncourt. During the Occupation her roof-top was her favourite observation post for watching the air raids round Paris, greatly to the anxiety of her innumerable friends and admirers



Bicycle for Two

Mlle. Laure Diana, who has done much entertaining of the troops, may be described as the French Gracie Fields. She is on the air on Sunday in "La Cabane Bambou," singing the old music-hall favourites



La Sorel

Mme. Cécile Sorel is still going strong, time, of course, exerting no discernible influence on the Immortals. With Mlle. Mistinguett she holds the record of stage longevity. Both these famous ladies' names may be found in the theatre programmes of the early 'nineties

Family Album



Mrs. Simon Whitbread is the wife of Major Simon Whitbread, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, who is at present serving in Italy. Mrs. Whitbread is seen with their two children, Sammy, aged eight, and Elizabeth, who is two years younger. The Whitbreads' home is at Southill Park, Bedford

Photographs by Swaebe



Lord and Lady Ebury were photographed with their small son, William, at Cooden Beech, which is the home of Lady Ebury's mother, Mrs. Wessel. Lord Ebury has two elder sons by his former marriage, the Hon. Francis and the Hon. Robert Grosvenor. Lady Ebury was the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller before her marriage and is a sister of Lord Churston



The Hon. Mrs. de Hoghton Lyle, who is seen with her two children, Gavin and Lorna, was also photographed while staying at her mother's home, Cooden Beech. She is a sister of Lady Ebury, and the widow of the late Capt. I. A. de Hoghton Lyle, The Black Watch, who was killed in action in 1942



Capt. and Mrs. Brittain-Jones, seen with their baby son, Charles Freeman, live at Fosse House, Eppington, Warwickshire. Mrs. Brittain-Jones is the elder daughter of Mr. Percy Dukes, and a sister of Viscountess Erleigh, the Marquess of Reading's daughter-in-law



Regent: "You must subjugate the divine passion to your divine right" Princess Charlotte has fallen in love with the penniless Prince Leopold, and is now quite determined not to marry her father's choice in husbands. Meanwhile, the Regent unctuously tries to persuade her to change her mind on the grounds of duty, when actually the marriage is only to further his own ends (Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller)

"There is no sight more beautiful than that of love dawning on youth"
The Prince Regent tries to persuade his daughter, Princess Charlotte, against her will, to marry the affected and unattractive Prince of Orange, and tells them both that he is just about to announce the engagement (Robert Beaumont, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller)

"The First Gentleman"

A Regency Romance by Norman Ginsbury



● Norman Ginsbury has written a brilliant play in *The First Gentleman*, which tells the romantic story of the Prince Regent's only child, the Princess Charlotte, her marriage to the handsome Prince Leopold, and finally her tragic death. Robert Morley, with his fine ability for power and characterisation, is the central figure of the play, as that vainglorious and licentious monarch, who continually fears the effects of his daughter's popularity on his own reputation. Princess Charlotte is played with great high-spirited charm and defiance by Wendy Hiller, and a strong supporting cast all give very fine performances. The play is produced by Norman Marshall, with decor by Laurence Irving

Photographs by Alexander Bender

Left:
Regent: "You know, my dear, the sex of the child is a matter of no small speculation. The Stock Exchange is livelier than it has ever been"

The Regent arrives full of geniality to call on the young married couple, though in reality the wily Prince has come to persuade Leopold to take his wife to Hanover, as he is jealous of their popularity (Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley)



Charlotte: "If it had to finish to-morrow, I should still be grateful. Leopold, darling, I am content"
The Regent, fearing the people's anger against himself, eventually allows Charlotte to marry Leopold. Blissfully happy, together the young couple tranquilly wait for the coming of Charlotte's child



Sir Richard Croft: "I fear the Princess is of a somewhat plethoric habit. We have to bleed her quite often, and keep her on a low diet"

The Regent interviews the Princess's doctors in a fine show of paternal solicitude (Philip Friend, Beryl Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Guy le Feuvre, Robert Morley)



Bishop: "I had hoped, Miss Knight, that your travels had taught you manners . . . the Regent no doubt would be delighted to hear of your behaviour"

The Bishop calls to reprove Princess Charlotte, and finds he has met his match in Miss Knight (Una Venning, Guy le Feuvre, Wendy Hiller)



Caroline: "If I went away from here right out of de reach of dat man he would perhaps tink' of you as his daughter, and not my daughter"

Princess Charlotte arrives at Connaught House to seek advice and sympathy from her mother (Wendy Hiller, Amy Frank)



Leopold: "She looks so radiant and so happy. Stocky . . . she asked to see the child; I did not know what to say"

Prince Leopold, worried and frightened, seeks advice from his friend and doctor, Dr. Stockmar, after his wife has given birth to a stillborn child, due to the ignorant mismanagement of the English doctor, Sir Richard Croft (Ian Sadler, Guy le Feuvre, Philip Friend)



Regent: "You've laced a lump of flesh, you idiot! Untie it at once"

Princess Charlotte has died, and the Regent turns without a thought to prepare himself in all his finery for the christening of the new Princess, Victoria-(Madge Compton, Robert Morley)



Regent: "Alexandrina! Have you ever heard anything like it? We had to add Victoria to screen it. Let her become the Nation's precious idol, the first lady in Europe, and Asia and Africa as well, for all I care. Victoria, Queen of England!"

The Regent, now alone in his glory, thinks himself at last to be the people's idol

Echoes of Eton

More Pictures from This Year's
Eton and Harrow Match



A mother and son who came down for the match were Lady Bethell and her son, the Hon. Guy Bethell, an old Etonian. Lady Bethell is the wife of Lord Bethell, who succeeded to the barony on the death of his father in May this year



Earl Haig was released from a P.O.W. camp in May this year, and was with Mrs. Bowes-Daly, who is a sister of the Duchess of Buccleuch, and her son, D. J. Bowes-Daly

Photographs by Swaebe

Right: Lieut. and Mrs. H. H. Proctor were with Mrs. Proctor's sons, Simon and Barry Maxwell. Mrs. Proctor was formerly the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, the wife of Lord Farnham's son and heir, who died of wounds in 1942



Another released P.O.W. was Mr. John Wiggin, Grenadier Guards, Sir Charles and Lady Wiggin's only son, who was escorting Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn and Miss Llewelyn



Miss Vivien Mosley, who is the only daughter of the late Lady Cynthia Mosley, came down to see her cousin, David Metcalfe, Major "Fruity" and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's only son



Several Well-Known Irish Racing and Hunting Personalities at the Leopardstown Races in Dublin

Mrs. Stamford Roche, Countess de la Poer, whose husband, Capt. Count de la Poer, is in the Royal Ulster Rifles, and Sir George Clark of Dunlambert's daughter, Mrs. T. B. Doxford, were all resting on a bench



Mr. Ronald Smyth brought Miss Zita Hartigan to the races. She is the daughter of Mr. Hubert Hartigan, the famous Irish trainer, who in pre-war days trained at East Hendred, Wantage, Berks



Mr. Ernest Bellaney (centre) was having a word with Sir Cecil and Lady Stafford-King-Harman. Sir Cecil is a member of the Irish Turf Club and a well-known breeder of bloodstock

Poole, Dublin

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Star Sleuth

IF, as alleged, The Person, about whose whereabouts so many people are concerned, is in fact in Patagonia, surely there cannot be any doubt or question as to who is the best sleuth to employ to ferret out him and his blonde companion? The eminent Seafarer of the Brains Trust knows Patagonia like the back of his hand, and no nook or cranny of that rugged land would be able to conceal even a white mouse. The bare announcement that "The Campbell is coming" would, it is felt, so put the wind up the whole countryside as to scare any collaborators in posse.

The Radio Padre at Berchtesgaden

THE best pilot the troops have ever had, because he has such superbly good hands, the Rev. Ronald Selby-Wright was recently in a spot which, by reason of its former inhabitants, was a colourable imitation of the Nether Malebolge, but for no other reason. A picture on page 148 shows him with one of his flock of the Nth Indian Division on one of the terraces of that supposedly impregnable hide-out, with the Bavarian Alps making an entrancing background. Berchtesgaden is not very far from Oberammergau, the place where the peasants used to hold the Passion Play, but it is probable that that circumstance had nothing to do with Hitler's choice of his nest. Garmisch, Partenkirchen and Salzburg are also very adjacent, and all equally beautiful. The Radio Padre is Senior Chaplain to the Forces, but is now with this particular Division. If anyone has ever taught people to look over the tops of the fences instead of at the roots, he has, and he deserves all the genuine affection that he has earned. I count it a great personal honour to reckon him among my friends.

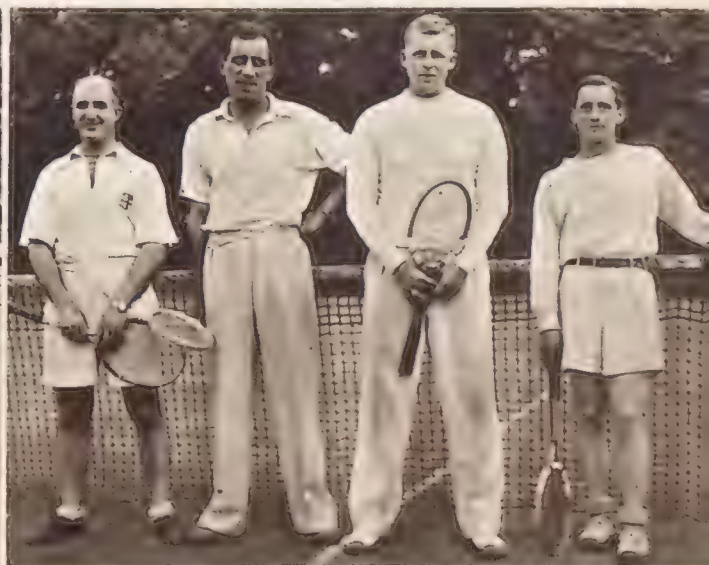
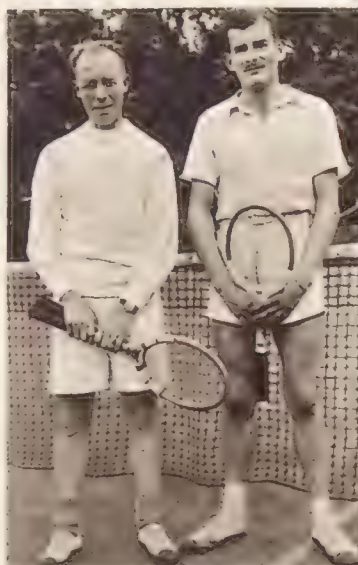
A Great Innings

OTHERS have written of the late Mr. George Lambton's brilliant record as a trainer; of Swynford, Stedfast, Diadem, Keysoe, Sansovino and Hyperion, but no one seems to have remembered that, in his younger days, he was a G.R. in the top class and as good as "Cat" Richardson, Roddy Owen, Arthur Nightingall, George ("Manifesto") Williamson, Jack Anthony, etc., any day of the week. Mr. Lambton had five rides in the Grand National,

and upon one occasion was robbed of victory only by those quite unnecessary flights of hurdles, which were deemed to be the right thing in the straight after the horses had jumped all the big fences. They absolutely tempted an animal to take a liberty. Anyway, they caused the downfall of Savoyard, who was winning easily in Playfair's year (1888), and in the following year, when Frigate won it, Savoyard, who was well fancied, and again ridden by Mr. Lambton, was once more unlucky, being knocked over at the second fence. He was owned by Baron Schröder. In Roquefort's year (1885), Mr. Lambton finished eighth on Mr. Harry Hungerford's Lioness, an outsider. This was the year when some nefarious persons managed to poison Count Charles Kinsky's

Zoedone bang on the course; but how anyone managed to get at her with a hypodermic was never discovered. She was coupled very heavily with Bendigo in the Lincoln, and the air was black with rumours and suspicion. Mr. Lambton's riding career was nearly brought to an end by a very bad fall he got when riding Hollington at Sandown in 1892. He did ride again in Hunters' Flat Races, but I think I am right in saying that it put an end to his jumping adventures. Probably one of his most vivid memories is of that chase at Ludlow, run in a quagmire, when he had a bit of a turn-up with that grand personality Mr. Charlie Cunningham. The pair of them were out in front on two very badly-beaten horses. Going to the last obstacle, Mr. Lambton managed to get on to the only bit of sound going, a footpath, but his horse was so cooked that, in spite of it, he fell. Mr. Cunningham went for a gap higher up, but unfortunately it was not between the flags. He passed the post first but, naturally, lost the race on the inevitable objection. Cunningham, who was very angry, explained that if he had gone for the same gap as the one at which Lambton's horse had fallen, he would

(Concluded on page 148)



Double Win for the Canadian Services Lawn-Tennis Team

The Canadian Services Team have defeated both South Africa and New Zealand. (Above) Garnet Raper, and Philip Pearson, who was in the Canadian Davis Cup team of 1939

In the doubles Canada beat New Zealand by 6-4 and 12-10 at Berrylands Club, Surbiton. (Above) G. V. Zane and J. H. McDonald, New Zealand, who lost to A. W. Anderson and H. E. Yolland, Canada

D. R. Stuart

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

have jumped on the pair of them! That, of course, held no water, for there was plenty of room elsewhere.

Mr. Lambton's death hardly came as a surprise, for he had been in the poorest of health for the better part of a year. Mrs. Lambton and her son, to whom the sympathy of all their friends goes out, had carried on all the very onerous work of a big training stable with the highest efficiency, and Mr. Teddie Lambton has been granted the license, which his father resigned only a few days before his death. All racing folk will unite in wishing Newmarket's newest trainer all possible luck.

Trial by Jury

THE discussion as to whether M'Lud gets on better, and faster, without a jury, is one which touches us all very nearly, some, perhaps, more so than others, because you never know. . . . It has been intelligently advanced by an obviously expert legal commentator in *The Times* that in civil, or even the most uncivil, actions, a jury may be of the very greatest assistance to the presiding Solon, and he instanced the libel action in which the name of a beautiful flower was alleged by the plaintiff to be highly defamatory when applied to himself. The Mind seated on the bench, so it was contended, was not as capable of placing the same weight upon this name as were the minds of the twelve good men (or good women) in the box. Presumably lawyers, even the most eminent ones, however conversant they may have been with the words and phrases which are the current coin of modern conversation, become completely oblivious of them the moment they are raised to the Bench. As stuff gownsmen, and even as silks, their lordships knew perfectly well that a "bookmaker" was not a Gibbon or a Macaulay, and that the initials N.B.G. did not stand for New British Grammar; but the moment they leave the Bar for that legal stratosphere, in which they are such twinkling stars, they have not the slightest notion—in fact, no idea at all. This is where even the thickest-headed juror comes in. In one of those horse cases, which always afford such good entertainment, how could his lordship be expected to know that the epithet "Nappy" does not mean that the animal is of a somnolent disposition, and, therefore, the very one for a nervous rider like the indignant plaintiff, who claims damages for breach of warranty? But a juror of either sex would know exactly what was meant, and that, if the defendant or his witnesses or even his learned counsel tried to persuade his lordship that it was the kind of horse upon which they would put their grandmothers, they were just black-hearted liars. Per contra it follows that, even in actions in tort, juries would get into a bottomless morass but for his lordship, for half the time the untutored lay mind does not know (a) what a tort is, and (b) even when it is volubly explained in the clearest legal phraseology, where a tort ends and a dastardly crime begins. "A tort may at the same time become a crime, if by Statute or by Common Law it offends the King's Peace." That is the Law's lucid explanation.

Nairobi's Cautious Fielders

"QUARTER BLOKE," somewhere in the East Asia Command, sends me the following intriguing racing information: "Next Saturday week there is a race meeting in Nairobi and there are some good horses running, but the bookmakers are scared so stiff that they will not lay any sort of a price!" This seems to present a piquant situation, for it would argue that every race, whether a handicap or otherwise, is expected to end in a dead-heat between the whole field. I have never heard of a similar case, and not even the one in which a speculator said: "How can you bet? Fourteen bloomin' captins riding, and all of 'em trying," seems to rival it. The feeling heart must needs bleed for those metallicians of Nairobi, for theirs indeed must be a terrible gamble.



Fettes Cricket XI. Win Four Matches with Two More to Play D. R. Stuart

Fettes have had a very successful cricket season so far. They have defeated Merchiston, Watson's and R.H. School and the Old Fettesians. Sitting: P. Wragg, J. A. Murray, D. M. McPherson (captain), G. P. M. Cuthbertson, L. F. Mackintosh. Standing: C. I. M. Wilson, W. D. Arbuthnot, R. J. C. Mallinson, J. M. Smith, D. R. Shepherd, A. T. H. Ferguson.



Radio Padre at Hitler's House

The Rev. Ronald Selby-Wright, S.C.F., well known as the Radio Padre, is now Senior Chaplain of the 10th Indian Division. He is seen with Roy King, of the Royal Corps of Signals, enjoying the view from the verandah at Berchtesgaden.



D. R. Stuart

Captained Oxford and Cambridge

John R. Horden, Christ Church, is the first man to have captained both Universities at golf. He has just been elected to skipper Oxford for the 1945-6 season, while he led Cambridge in 1943.



Clapperton, Selkirk

Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, Winner of Several Prizes at Scottish Horse Show

A Hunters and Ponies Show was held recently near Galashiels, on July 12, in aid of War Relief Funds. Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton was a young rider who won several prizes, including two firsts. She is seen with her father, the Earl of Ullin, and her brother, the Hon. John Baillie-Hamilton.

On Active Service



Officers of an M.T.B. Flotilla

Front row: Lts. D. D. Owen-Pawson, L. E. Thompson, R.N.V.R., R. Campbell, R.C.N.V.R., P. Mangus, F. M. A. Shore, J. J. F. Aimers, F. P. Standley, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Sub-Lts. M. Frere-Smith, R.N., J. S. Harris, R.N.V.R., R. E. Lang, R.A.N.V.R., Lt. P. D. Watkins, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lts. M. E. Maslen, U. E. C. Wood, R.N., H. T. E. Fry, R.N.V.R., J. Lungley, A. C. Bowen, R.N., Lt. G. H. Bradley, R.N.V.R. Back row: Sub-Lts. G. H. Steedman, R.N.V.R., M. K. MacGwire, D. G. Norman, G. H. Powell, R. H. Kirby, R.N.V.R.



Officers of a Night Intruder Squadron, C.M.F.

Front row: F/Lt. Brown, D.F.C., F/O Collins, D.F.M., P/Os. Crowther, Smith. Middle row: F/Lt. Wrightman, S/Ldr. Crane, W/Cdr. Rees (C.O.), F/Lts. Parsons, Cooper. Back row: P/Os. Drake, Cheesman, F/O. Whithead, P/Os. Harbord, Beckett, F/Os. Ward, Morgan, Mattingly



Staff Officers of an R.A.F. Station in Ayrshire

Sitting: S/Ldr. C. A. Hopkins, W/Cdr. J. E. Horton, G/Capt. G. H. Turner, W/Cdrs. B. J. Sandeman, C. S. Read, S/Ldr. R. Kerr. Standing: S/Ldr. H. Bear, F/O. E. P. Bennett, F/Lt. F. E. Darter, S/Ldr. W. Allsopp



Officers of the 2/5th Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment

Front row: Capts. W. T. Irish, J. Fleming, Major E. R. Davies, Capt. S. G. Madge, Lt.-Col. P. C. Hinde, Majors D. B. Smith, F. W. Firninger, Capts. H. F. Bott, M.C., P. J. Allen. Second row: Capts. P. M. Dyke, E. S. Aiello, E. I. Townsend, R. S. Hughes, Lt. (Q.M.) L. R. Fagg, Rev. J. Mullineaux, C.F., Capt. E. T. W. Whiting, Lts. G. W. Matthews, W. M. Jorgensen, S. H. Nicholls, A. W. Langston. Third row: Lts. J. Cooke, S. Rosso Mazzinghi, I.I.L.O., J. C. Barlow, H. A. Lloyd-Ward, R. W. Johnson, G. E. P. Brownell, S. Barr, P. N. Tregoning, D. St. J. Sadler, H. G. Robbins. Back row: Lts. F. R. Collins, R. H. Attwell, D. H. Price, R. Gallup, W. E. Baker-Upton, A. Burrage, W. J. Fear



Officers of the Staff of an R.A.F. Training School, Malta

Sitting: S/Ldr. Crosland, W/Cdrs. Tanner, Overton, G/Capt. Finlay, Air/Cdre. Lousada (C.O.), G/Capt. Wasse, W/Cdr. Rotheram, S/Ldrs. Putt, Williams. Standing: Flt./O. Birch, S/Ldrs. Cooper, Mingard, Sissons, James, Morton, F/Lt. Wilson, S/Ldrs. Watson, Martin



Officers of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Norfolk Regiment

Front row: Capt. R. W. Hodd, Majors J. P. Searight, T. C. Atkinson, H. M. Wilson, Lt.-Col. F. P. Barclay, D.S.O., M.C. (C.O.), "Bremen," "Lingen," Capt. R. C. Wilson, M.C., Majors D. Millar, V. Evans, M.C., Capt. C. W. Morgan. Middle row: Lts. E. K. S. Hastings, J. C. Percival, Capt. (Q.M.) R. F. Howard, M.B.E., Capt. H. J. H. Beeson, Major W. J. Smart, Capts. P. C. Swindells, D. B. Balsom, Lts. E. G. H. Olley, E. H. Harrison. Back row: Lts. R. J. Lincoln, W. H. R. Pease, C. Barnby, J. V. Mattinson, R. Wikeley, Capt. J. Donald, Lt. A. R. Gill

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Brother Nicholas

NOW WITH THE MORNING STAR," by Thomas Kernan (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), is a novel written during its author's captivity; and I should say that captivity was its inner subject. What is captivity—if we are to accept that "stone walls do not a prison make"? Does not captivity often wear the guise of so-called freedom? What does captivity—either in the literal sense, or in the form of an obsession, or warping fear, or of subjection to a bad régime—do to a man, or men? These questions pass through the innocent, slowly reflecting mind of Brother Nicholas, the Cistercian monk, whose life for eighteen years has been dedicated to the service of a God "in whose service is perfect freedom." In the autumn of 1937, the ancient Abbey of Maria-Morgenstern, in the Schwarzwald, is seized and closed by the Nazis: its buildings, art treasures and rich lands are annexed, to enrich the National Socialist Party; and the monks, at forty-eight-hours notice, are turned out on the world. Brother Nicholas—from henceforward Andreas Hoffman—is, technically, free to go where he likes. Along with the ninety others of the dispossessed community, he has been issued with an identity card, a small sum of money, a suit of clothes.

His Order had embraced the vow of silence. For eighteen years, Andreas has not spoken: he has moved, worked and prayed in a hush of unspoken men. The ex-peasant of the small valley-town of Herrnhut—in the mountains that form the German-Swiss boundary—the ex-soldier of the last war, has found in the Order, and at Maria-Morgenstern, absolute integration of soul and body. He is not—or is not when the story opens—a mystic: he is a craftsman, a master-artisan, who worships God with his hands. In his cell, which contains a lathe and fine tools of his own making, he works. He is like a re-born medieval man. Outside his cell, the cloisters, the church and the refectory, the farmlands, vineyards and forests of the Abbey, whose name honours the Virgin Mary, the Star of the Morning, are his only, and only desired, world.

This is the man who, stepping out of the train at Stuttgart, finds himself face to face with the veneered surface, the din, the parades, the bureaucracy, the materialism and the inexorable machine-like callousness of immediately pre-war Nazi Germany.

In the Name of the Reich

THE account of the taking-over of the Abbey by the Nazis is in itself an excellent piece of writing—dry, impassive and grim: for are not the facts enough? First come the Storm Troopers, battering at the great door,

in the mists of the autumn early morning. Then, the three officials—Kiesel, Gauleiter of the Gau of Baden; Kohlschütz, a special prosecutor from the Justice Ministry in Berlin, and von Tittmoning, art expert and renegade Austrian aristocrat, now on the staff of the Reich's Protector of Cultural Monuments. Confronting the Abbot across his table, these three proceed to play out their joint farce.

Satisfied, the conquerors make their rounds:

They descended a curving staircase and passed by a narrow corridor into the light of the cloister. At last the autumn day had become radiant. It shone through the arcade of pillars and arches, and gilded the smooth grey stones of the cloister floor, in regular patterns of light, interrupted by the shadow of the pillars themselves. It was like the reflection of objects in a lake, where the real and the mirrored image rise and descend from an uncertain line where air ceases and water begins. The cloister garden had a few beds of flowers... for the rest there was a tranquillity of smooth grass and a few majestic boxwoods, used by the monks at Easter-time as the source for their "palms."

Caravan Causerie

THEY tell us that Practice makes Perfect; that to live

daily up to an ideal is, in time, to be unconscious of the effort. All the same, I don't altogether believe it, do you? Take Patience, for example. For the last six years we have had to be patient during almost every wakeful hour of almost every day, but, speaking personally, I inwardly hate Patience more than ever. Actually, I should be like Job by now. But I'm not. I'm more like a caged lion in a queue than a dove. All my most unsocial qualities surge to the surface when I have to twiddle my thumbs while waiting for my turn for a bloater. Journeys may end in lovers' meeting, but if that journey ends in a three-quarters of an hour's wait, the meeting for me loses its early rapture. It is not that I am by nature very impatient, so much as I hate killing time with nothing else to do except to stand and stare. And yet, like everyone else, I have had to kill time so relentlessly that sometimes it seems to me that half life consists these days in waiting for it to happen. And the fact that none of us can do anything about it, should bring resignation in its train. But I don't think it does, do you? It is so difficult to live up to your philosophy when you have to stand in line for the usual vile cup of station tea. And that is only one instance of irritability engendered by the daily round. We should by now, of course, have grafted upon our usual expression the sweet placidity of a plaster saint. But we haven't. Most of us look crosser than ever! And are!

So, I suppose, only those good qualities can be successfully cultivated which in the first instance inspire our very souls. Like listening to really good music, which once upon a time sounded merely like noise. Patience, I am sure, has never inspired

By Richard King

anybody's soul. They have only learnt to employ it naturally on the prin-

ciple that if you kick against the pricks long enough you desist only because it hurts. Nevertheless, beneath it all the spirit goes raging on. I know mine does. In parenthesis, I should make a wretched mother—mothers whose patience with their offspring is to me one of the miracles of nature. Most of us, indeed, even find it hard to suffer bores gladly! As we grow older we should be ready to embrace them, since time seems definitely to add to their number out of all proportion to the declining population. But, of course, there are certain things we never learn to love—resign ourselves as often as we may. I still loathe raucous noises, for example. Bad philosophy on my part, alas!—since modern civilisation, to say nothing of Democracy, advances by leaps and bounds on one din after another.

I am even unphilosophical enough to resent the latest loss of cooking-fat. Though I do say to myself, in a valiant effort at Christian resignation, that as most other things have joined the Great Disappearing Act, cooking-fat might just as well join in. "Don't forget, there is a Peace on!" I repeat to myself. It offers me about as much inner-glow as sorting out my refuse used to do when the European War was in progress. Only, at odd moments, would it seem that death and the income-tax remain permanent in this life of general flux. Nevertheless, let me inform you, in case you believe I am turning bitter in my ripeness, that although I never yearn so greatly for a loaded Bren-gun as when I find fifty people in front of me at the fish-mongers, I am filled with the most Christian feelings towards those who are queuing up behind.



An Artist's Family in Oxfordshire Goodman

The wife of the well-known sculptor Mr. O. Nemon is seen here with their two children, Falcon and Aurelia. She was Miss Patricia Villiers-Stuart before her marriage, and the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, of Beachamwell Hall, Norfolk. Among Mr. Nemon's most outstanding work is his portrait of the late King Albert of Belgium, and the statue of Freud, while some of his British sitters include Lady Ravensdale, Lord Feversham and the late Leslie Howard.

Although Kiesel and his companions knew there were ninety monks somewhere in the building, they could at first see no signs of life. They walked half way round the cloister and only their footsteps echoed. At first they spoke in natural tones, but unconsciously their voices sank, as if to spare these old stones, unaccustomed to the bruise of human voices. They came to the door of the Church, pushed it open and started to walk in.

Then they understood the desertion of the cloister. Four-score monks occupied the stalls in the choir. They were all kneeling in prayer, their crows drawn over their heads, so that there was little to suggest that these motionless contours contained living men. There was no priest at the altar, only a little lamp that fluttered like a humble and mysterious spirit. The visitors withdrew quickly, as an intruder might withdraw from a house where there has been a great bereavement. But not too soon for von Tittmoning's expert eye to admire the slim lancet windows behind the altar, through which the morning sun now struck azure flames.

The crook-dialogue, charged with an absolute complicity in cynicism (cynicism, not least, as to their Party's methods), between the three dispossessioners is memorable—and Mr. Kernan brings out all the reservations in each man's attitude to the two others: von Tittmoning, for instance, as a former landowner, despises the lawyer's and Gauleiter's townie ignorance of the realities of farming, wine-growing and forestry. The summary taking-over of Maria-Morgenstern will, the Austrian sees, present more pressing problems than his companions know.

Journey Home

BROTHER NICHOLAS—now Andreas Hoffman—remains, however, our central figure. Throughout the rest of *Now With the* (Concluded on page 152)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Yerbury

Normand — Cumming

W. Normand, R.N., only son of Lord Normand, Lord Justice-General and President of the Court of Session, and son of Lady Normand, of 27, Moray Place, Edinburgh, married Miss Ann Elizabeth Cumming, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Cumming, of Coulter Maynes, Culter, Lanarkshire, and 27, Cavendish Close, London



Hensman — Wakefield

Lt.-Col. R. F. B. Hensman, the 5th (Royal Northumberland) Fusiliers, elder son of Capt. Melville Hensman, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Hensman, of Concy Weston Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, married Miss Mary Sheila Wakefield, second daughter of Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield, of The Old House, Kendall, in London



Humphries — Whitham

Major John W. Humphries, The Guides Cavalry (Q.V.O.), F.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Humphries, of Clevedon, Weybridge, Surrey, married Mrs. Beatrice Brouwer Whitham, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Brouwer, of Grand Haven, Michigan, and of Mrs. K. Brouwer, of San Francisco, California, at Bombay



Hodges — Mead

Major John Goodman Hodges, R.A.S.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hodges, of Beaconsfield, Bucks, married Miss Barbara Cook Mead, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Frank Roberts Mead, of 983, Park Avenue, New York City, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



Goolden — Lowther

Lt. Douglas C. A. Goolden, R.N.V.R., son of the late Cdr. Cyril Goolden, D.S.O., R.N., and of Mrs. Goolden, of Colombo, married Miss Rosemary Lowther, 2nd/0. W.R.N.S., daughter of the late Hon. Christopher Lowther, and of Mrs. Hugh Cullen, of Forest Row, Sussex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Collison — Shipton

Major Richard C. S. Collison, Royal Signals, only son of the late Brevet-Col. C. S. Collison, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Collison, of Stratford Toney House, Salisbury, married Miss Jean Shipton, Sub. A.T.S., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Shipton, of Little Thorpe, Folkestone, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Wattles — Goddard

Capt. J. W. Wattles, U.S. Army, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Myron S. Wattles, of Auburn, New York, married Miss Janet Mary Goddard, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Goddard, of Langshott, Horley, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Haslam — Williams

Mr. Charles Saumarez Haslam, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Demaine Haslam, of Danehurst, Uckfield, Sussex, married Miss Jane Brodribb Williams, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Williams, of Blackshaws, Hartfield, Sussex, and 29, Dorset House, Gloucester Place, N.W.1



Sessions — Betts

F/O. Edwin G. Sessions, R.A.F.V.R., son of the late Mr. John G. Sessions and of Mrs. Sessions, of Dencliff House, Ashford, Middlesex, married Miss Annette Rosemary Betts, W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Betts, of 7, Thurlby Croft, Mulberry Close, Hendon, N.W.4

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

Scottish summer scene still provides plenty of scope for the socially inclined.

This northern newsreel begins at Perth, where two simultaneous events, the Becke—Richmond wedding at St. Ninian's Cathedral, and the Eighth I.T.C., Argyll and Sutherland Black Watch sports, brought county families from far and near in force to the "fair city."

At the former ceremony, the bride, pretty Miss Mary Richmond, a wartime V.A.D., whose father is Laird of Kincairney, Murthly, looked charming in white moiré taffeta. The bridegroom, Capt. William Becke, is in the Sherwood Foresters, and has his home at Edzell, in Angus. He was wounded during the Italian campaign. Mrs. John Macdonald, the bride's twin sister, was matron of honour, while her youngest sister, Elizabeth, was the only bridesmaid.

Wedding guests included Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine's sister, Mrs. John Drummond, who came over from Megginch with her husband. He is the author of several detective stories, one of which, *The Bride Wore Black*, was a recent best-seller. The Drummonds keep open-house at Megginch, where they run their own home farm.

Mrs. Toby Musker, the former Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, was another guest. She and her small daughter, Juliet, are now installed in a house on her brother's Monzie Castle estate, near Crieff. Her neighbours at Abercairny, Major and Mrs. Drummond-Moray, were among grandstand spectators at the Argyll and Sutherland Black Watch sports, which drew a record "gate" at Muirton Park.

Inter-Regimental Sports

It was good to hear the skirl of the bagpipes, and, better still, to see one's friends again, some of whom, like Major "Nogi" Dundas, who came with his popular wife from their home at Penicuik, were ex-prisoners of war making a first appearance in these parts for many a long year.

Miss Marnie MacLachlan, whose mother is châtelaine of Castle Lachlan, in Argyll, was taking an afternoon off from her duties as a corporal in the A.T.S. She is stationed in Perth, while her younger sister, Colina, works for the F.A.N.Y. in Edinburgh.

Others in evidence were Col. "Archie" Stirling of Garden, who was with his brother-in-law, Major Jock Stewart of Ardvorlich, and his wife. Her father, Cameron of Lochiel, will have a prominent part to play when the clans muster at Glenfinnan on August 18, to celebrate the bi-centenary of the raising of the Jacobite standard.

Also at Muirton Park were young Mrs. Roper Caldbeck, Gen. Neil Roper Caldbeck's attractive wife; Lt.-Col. Ian Stewart of Achnacone, who was in command of the last British troops to cross the causeway connecting Johore and Singapore before the Japanese launched their attack on the port, and Sir William Jardine's sister, Mrs. Charles Anderson.

Edinburgh Revisited

AND so on to Edinburgh, where the sun was still shining and Isabel Jeans and Dorothy Hyson were to be seen taking the air in Princes Street, between performances of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, which London will see anon. The sunlight also streamed through the long windows of the Picture Gallery at Holyroodhouse, where the election of sixteen representative Scottish peers provided a fleeting touch of pomp and ceremony. The majority of the peers arrived on foot. Some came by taxicab. Three earls were driven by a duke in a four-seater saloon. Inside the palace, the corridors leading to the Picture Gallery were lined by the High Constables and the Holyroodhouse Guards of Honour, wearing their blue uniforms and beaver hats. The peers, of whom twenty-one were present, in addition to the Lord Clerk Register, Lord Elphinstone, clad in his black and gold robes, sat at a long table in the centre of the gallery. Twelve of them, who represented Scotland in the House of Lords up to the Dissolution of Parliament, were re-elected. The four new peers included the Duke of Hamilton's brother, the Earl of Selkirk (formerly Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton), Viscount Arbuthnott, Lord Fairfax of Cameron and Lord Polwarth.

The peers did not wear their robes—many of them were attired in lounge suits; Lord Sempill, however, was resplendent in his kilt of Forbes tartan, while both the Earl of Eglinton and Lord Napier were in military uniform.

Others seen down Princes Street and within a mile or so of Edinburgh town were Lord Loch's elder sister, Mrs. Ian Lindsay, the wife of one of Scotland's leading architects (now in the Army); Miss Evelyn Baird, whose mother, Lady Hersey Baird, has a charming flat in Moray Place, where neighbours include the Marquess of Bute's handsome niece, Mrs. Ismay Ross; Miss Eleanora Cameron, up for the day from Prestonfield, the Dick Cunyngham family mansion, loveliest of Midlothian seats, where, incidentally, young Viscountess French is living en famille at the lodge gates; and two other local châtelaines—Mrs. Alexander Dalmahoy, the Lady of Auchindinny, and Lady (John) Clerk of Penicuik.

Christening

WHEN Lord and Lady Vaughan's baby son was christened at St. James's, Spanish Place, he had a goodly quota of godparents, though all were not able to be present. Those who were there included Lady Vaughan's brother, Mr. W. P. Macaulay, Major Beckwith-Smith, the Hon. Mrs. "Jakey" Astor, and Lady Vaughan's sister, Miss Patricia Macaulay; the absentees were the Hon. W. W. Astor, Lord Rosslyn, Lady Sarah Russell, for whom her mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, stood proxy, and Lady Ursula Marreco. The baby was given the names of David John Francis Malet, and behaved beautifully.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

Morning Star, it is his destiny that we are to follow, and through his eyes that we are to see. The religious forced back, unwilling, into a world in which he or she has long ago relinquished all human place, and with which he or she has severed all human ties, is, under any circumstances, a figure that compels the imagination. (I remember reading, many years ago, an excellent French novel, called—I think—*L'Isolée*: about a young French nun to whom, owing to the French secular laws of 1900, the same thing happened.) In the case of the ex-Brother Nicholas, what a world to face! Mr. Kernan brings out in *Now With the Morning Star* those aspects of Nazi Germany which would be most puzzling to unused eyes; and the queries—hardly anything so definite as criticisms—that would be most likely to raise themselves in the mind of a man who had, for eighteen years, been told nothing, literally nothing, of what was happening to Germany outside the Abbey's gates. Andreas's memory, reawakened by secular sights and sounds, is, however, good: he can make comparisons between the scene he left and the scene to which he returns. He carries with him, only, his own good faith, and his innate dignity as a craftsman. Everywhere he finds himself odd man out. Worse, owing to the profound psychic shock his being has sustained, his hands lose their skill—he bungles the unskilled labour for which he has applied; tortuous regulations debar him from even work in the fields. In danger of being sent to a concentration camp as a vagrant, he seeks out his former Abbot. The Abbot entrusts him with a mission whose carrying-out is the exciting core of the book. What Andreas does, whose orders he obeys, the risks he runs, and the denouement, it is not, I feel, the reviewer's business to tell. *Now With the Morning Star* is not, and was not intended to be, a thriller. It is the story of a spiritual ordeal. But no well-told story of a man playing a lone hand against strong, ruthless enemies can be without some element of excitement. The path that Andreas follows leads him home—physically, to a beloved place; spiritually, to a comprehensive vision of which our Brother Nicholas of the first chapters—unassailed, untroubled—would not have been capable. . . . This is a fine book. Arguably, Mr. Kernan has attempted something a little beyond any layman's powers. One can but prefer, however, in any novel, the too large conception to the too small.

Dawson Street

"HERE," says the publisher of *Another Shore*, "is a novel that is different." I should have liked to add, "Here is a Dublin novel that is different." For *Another Shore*, by Kenneth Reddin (Cresset Press; 8s.), contains no pub-crawling—other than the unwilling frequentation, by its hero, of one of the brighter bars, in the company of Jennifer Stockley, of Killiney—and Gulliver Sheils attempts, and bears, no resemblance to Stephen Dædalus. Gulliver comes from Arklow, Co. Wicklow, and aims to finish his days on a South Sea island—"over the sea, waiting, would be the coconut fronds of Raratonga, drooping heavy in the dusk, and the minah bird calling shrilly in the stillness, and the blue tide sucking and spilling along the reef. Why not?" Excluding his concentration on this dream, Gulliver might be described as being of no occupation. He first sits on a bench in Stephen's Green, then later takes up his pitch at the corner where Dawson Street runs into Nassau Street, because he is always waiting for an accident. In the Green, a wealthy elderly person may always drop down in a fit or seizure: on the other hand, that particular street corner claims, he has heard, the highest percentage of Dublin traffic smashes—one of which, one fine day, might involve some wealthy, elderly soul. Our hero's course will be, in either contingency, straightforward—he will speed to the rescue, succour the victim, find favour, be adopted, be financed or made the heir. Then for Raratonga!

Gulliver's age is around thirty; he has retired from the Civil Service on the strength of a small legacy from his mother (who had herself, in her time, profited by just such an "accident" as her son expects); he wears an R.L.S. moustache, and, pending his departure for Raratonga, lodges with a family at Clontarf. His existence is as harmless to others as it is interesting to himself: he has no quarrel with Dublin—merely, he would prefer to be in Raratonga. Unhappily, he is pursued by Jennifer Stockley: "Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase." Jennifer and her gang, Yellow and the Beere-Brownes, are as appalling as they are, I fear, not improbable.

Another Shore is a pleasing, quite original mixture of high fantasy and malicious realism. Nothing that happens in it would be impossible in Dublin. I think the geography would be clear even to readers who do not know our city: to me, it conjured up many pleasant pictures—in fact, *Another Shore* made me thirst for Dublin no less than Gulliver thirsted for Raratonga.

Eighty Days

"FLYING BOMB: THE STORY OF V1 AND V2," by Frank Illingworth (Citizen Press; 1s. 3d.), presents, in booklet form, a clear and, I imagine, the full story of Southern England's 1944 "eighty days." It was not easy, during its duration, to see the flying-bomb attack what one might call steadily; it is, now, interesting to see it whole. Mr. Illingworth covers the whole business, beginning with the Peenemünde experiments. His account of the evolution of our defence measures, and of the brilliant staff-work by which these were assembled—at the height, it should be remembered, of the outgoing troop and convoy movements, all over England, that followed D-Day—should be missed by none. The magnificent work of the R.A.F. and A.A. batteries cannot be too often recorded. And Londoners, however much they themselves suffered, should be reminded how much the rural South of England went through this time last year!



Twelfth Day Eve

AN old Devonshire custom still kept up in some parts is the toasting of the apple trees.

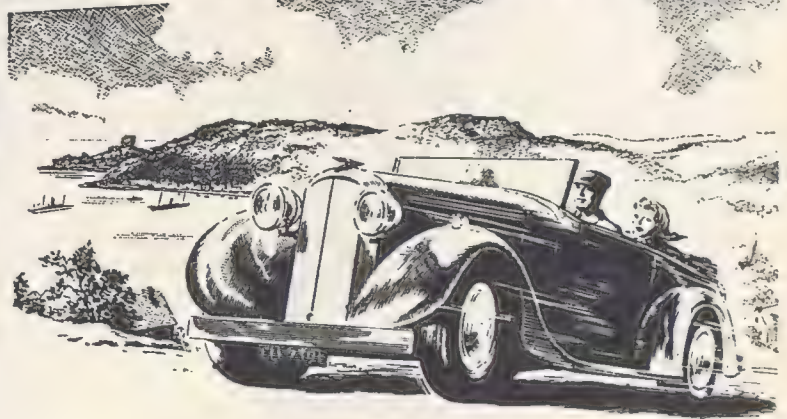
The farmer attended by all his workpeople and accompanied by an enormous pitcher of cider goes to the orchard and encircling one of the trees recites :

*" Here's to thee, old apple tree
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow?
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow?
Hats full! Caps full!
Bushel — bushel — sacks full
And my pockets full too. Huzzza."*

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Comfy Shoes: Known as "Marcia," this shoe is made of suède with calf trimmings. Dolcis shops have them in black suède trimmed red calf, and brown suède trimmed tan



The Tailored Line: A simple shirt, made by Jantzen, worn with well-cut slacks of navy-blue rayon linen. The shirt is £1 16s. 2d., the slacks £2 16s. 8d. Both are made in several different colours. Selfridge's



The Casual Look: Button-through beach frock worn over matching shorts. Brightly-coloured cotton materials have been used for this very trim beach outfit. £2 9s. 6d. Selfridge's

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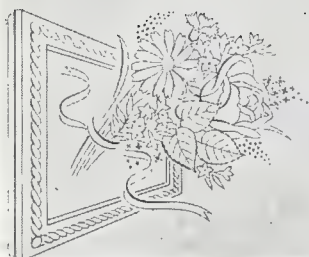
"So fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



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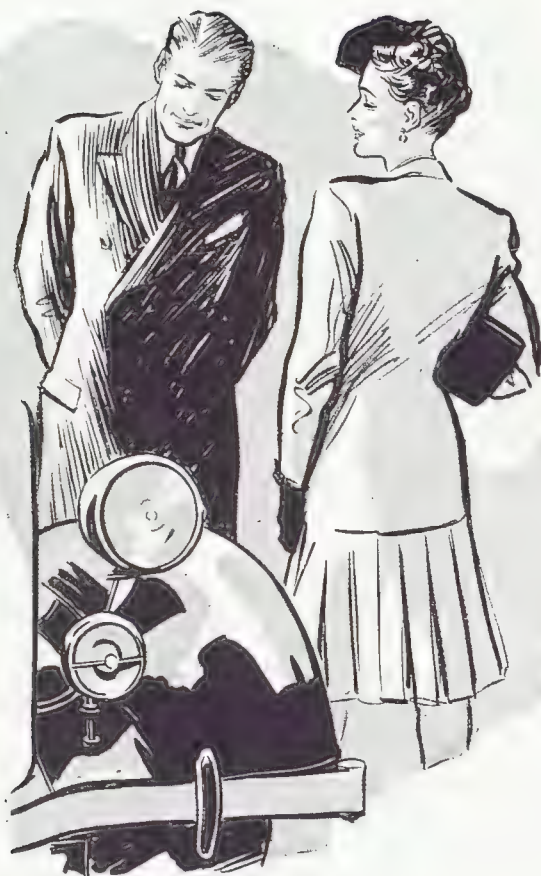
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Stories from Everywhere

REPAIRS were being carried out on the roof of the asylum by a local builder who had asked for an inmate to assist him. All went well until lunch time, when the builder's assistant clutched him round the neck and, with a terrible laugh, said: "Come on, let's jump off."

The builder was frightened almost out of his life, but suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Oh, rats!" he replied. "Anybody could do that. Come down, and let's jump up!"

IN a county court a Jewish counsel met his match in a witness of his own persuasion. The case concerned a suit of clothes. The counsel argued that his client was entitled to three months in which to pay his bill.

"Now, sir," said counsel to the witness. "Had I ordered the suit instead of my client, would you have summoned me to court?"

"Vell, no," was the reply.

"And why not, pray?" asked the counsel with a triumphant smile.

"Vell, because, you see, I should have vanted cash down from you."

AN American wartime yarn:

The harassed father of seven small children was sorting ration books in search of a shoe stamp. Finally he found one in a book just issued to his three-weeks-old infant. William, the eldest son, who had been watching, exclaimed: "Gee! You've got a ration book for the baby *already*!"

"Of course," his father answered.

"Gosh," William commented. "You and Mom would do *anything* for a ration book, wouldn't you?"

DRAWING level, on a warm evening, with a riverside crowd which was staring speechlessly at the spot where a woman had sunk for the second time, a man stopped the car with a jerk, removed his arm from the shoulders of his lady passenger, plunged into the river and succeeded in dragging the unconscious woman ashore. Then he made a dash for the car.

"Surely, you're not going yet, sir," asked the constable who had just appeared. "The lady will want to thank you."

"No, for Heaven's sake let me get away before she comes round," the rescuer replied with panic in his voice. "It's my wife. I told her I was detained at the office."

IT had been a very festive evening, and when he got home he tried to open the door of his flat with his half-smoked cigar. He fumbled for several minutes trying to insert the cigar into the keyhole. Then, grumbling softly, he staggered out into the road again. Outside he looked at the cigar in his hand, and a surprised expression came over his face.

"Why, I mus' be drunk," he mumbled. "I been smokin' my key all night!"

"AND did your husband go to the club dinner last night?" asked a neighbour.

"Oh, yes, he went all right," replied the wife.

"And did he deliver his speech?"

"Oh, yes, he must have delivered his speech, because he was speechless when he came home."

Pin-up Portfolio

IN cabins, huts, dugouts and all places where men on active service turn their thoughts homewards, the Pin-Up Girl has done her bit to enliven the surroundings and the austerity of life.

The David Wright Girls—blondes and brunettes, demure and not so demure—are known in the messes far and wide, for a series of them has adorned our sister paper, *The Sketch*, for a long time in the form of a coloured plate. Now, such is the demand for these Wall-flowers, no less than sixteen of them—the pick of the bunch—are offered together in the "David Wright Portfolio." These plates, in full colours, are nicely bound and printed and cost a modest five shillings (by post 5s. 3d.) from The Publisher, *The Sketch* Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Conference

LORD SWINTON must be held to be one of our most successful conferenciers. At the end of the British Commonwealth Air Transport Council sittings the delegates were all anxious to express their appreciation of his services and their thanks for his fairness and patience.

Personally, I became increasingly impatient with the whole thing—not because of anything Lord Swinton did or did not do; but because I think that air transport is top heavy with conferences and committees. The few aeroplanes that are operating are overwhelmed with weighty discussions.

The Commonwealth Conference, for instance, set up three committees which proposed the setting up of other committees, while its secretariat was exhorted to keep in close touch with other secretariats. As I listened to the talk that went on I felt inclined to rise up and ask if any one there would care to run an Avro 504K from London to Paris because if so a passenger could be found for it.

The men who work the aircraft are being thrust farther and farther into the background while the theorists and representatives of this, that, and the other, talk and talk and talk.

Parallels

As far as I can understand it the Commonwealth Air Transport Council has agreed to propose that lines should be run between the Dominions and the United Kingdom on a "parallel" basis, meaning that British Overseas Airways or any other government-sponsored corporation works from this end, and some Dominion company from the other; aircraft, receipts and almost everything else to be pooled.

The possibility that anybody other than a government-sponsored company might want to run an airline never seemed to have entered the heads of any of the delegates. And, probably, governments will be the only people in the field at the beginning. But I

certainly hope that independent companies will come in later.

It has never yet been found that progressiveness goes with monopoly and if all the Commonwealth lines are jointly to be run by government-sponsored concerns, I can see the travelling public losing every vestige of critical control over the airways.

For a long time I have detested telephone boxes. They seem to me to be revolting. Usually dirty, always cramped and ill-lighted, they are uncivilized. But no independent companies are allowed to compete with the Post Office so there is nothing I can do as an entirely dissatisfied user. It will be a bad thing for air transport if the Commonwealth airways are likewise put into a form wherein the user has no power of transferring his custom. Fortunately Canada, by its decision not to take part in any "parallel" arrangement for the Atlantic, seems to recognize the dangers.

Information, Please

THE Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy has always been kept in the background. In proportion to its present size, the reports about its activities are inadequate. Now that the British fleet is taking so active a part in the Pacific war it is time that much more were said about British naval aircraft and naval pilots.

Admiral Boyd has done much to improve the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, but if the fullest benefit is to be derived from that improvement the Navy must be less reticent about them when they go into action. At the present moment I hear much more about United States carriers and their aircraft than about British.

And I think that the U.S. Navy has been right in releasing all those dramatic pictures of carriers in



F/O Errol Ingram, R.A.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, of Sydney, New South Wales, married Miss Valerie Gudrun Robertson, W.A.A.F., only daughter of Mrs. Alexandersen, of Twickenham, at All Hallows, Whitton

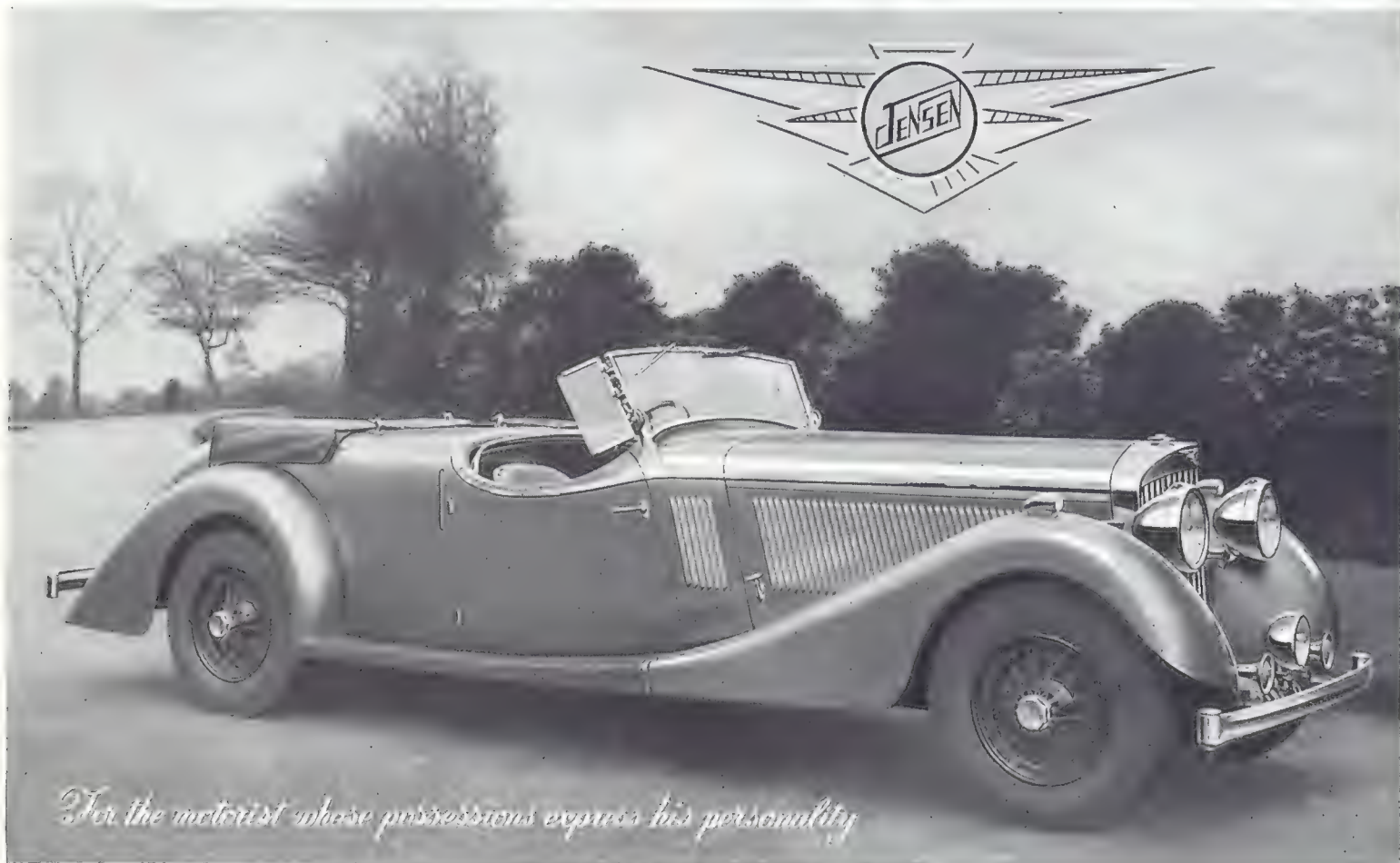
action, with aircraft crashing on deck and with fires started. The Americans did just the same about the bombing of Germany. They allowed the world to see not only American aircraft shooting down enemy ones; but being shot down. I do not recollect to this day seeing anything comparable about Royal Air Force or Fleet Air Arm aircraft.

Yet vivid portrayal of the dangers faced by our men enhances our opinion of them. To see a film showing a Royal Air Force aircraft being shot down in flames would not weaken but would heighten our respect for that service. I think in this that the psychologically incorrect attitude has been taken that our side must never be shown doing anything else but winning all along the line. Anyhow, I hope that more detailed reports will be forthcoming about the activities of the Fleet Air Arm in the war against Japan.

Motoring per Mile

RUMOURS multiply that more petrol is to be made available to private motor-car drivers in the near future. It is certainly expensive to drive a powerful car now when one works the cost out per mile. The overheads are disproportionately high.

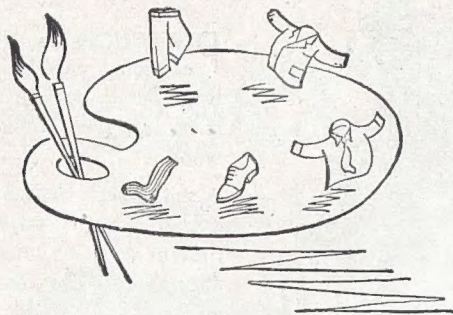
It is most curious to examine the official attitude towards motoring and flying. Both are said to be of national value; motoring because it helps us to build articles for export, flying because it gives us a reserve of pilots and helps to keep an aircraft industry in existence. Yet when it comes to making motoring and flying cheaper, there is a sudden check. I suppose it is the result of the fact that everything seems important to those who are interested and that, in consequence, it is difficult to lift a tax from anything. For something else is then required to bear the tax and the trouble begins all over again in a fresh quarter.



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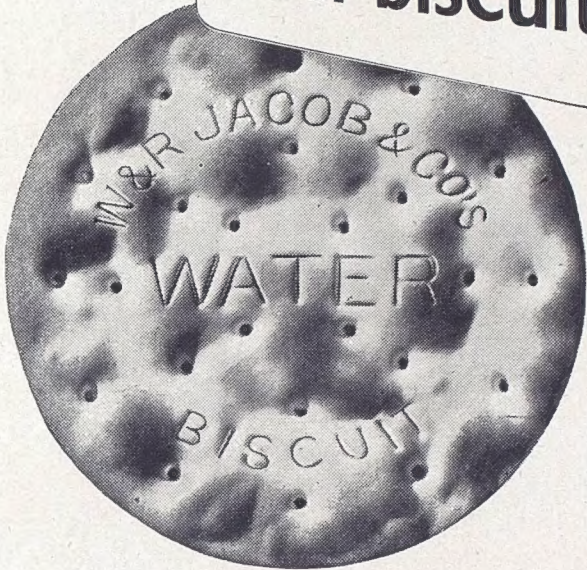
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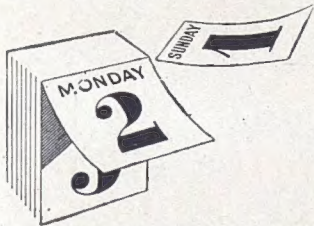


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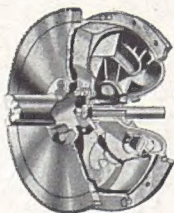
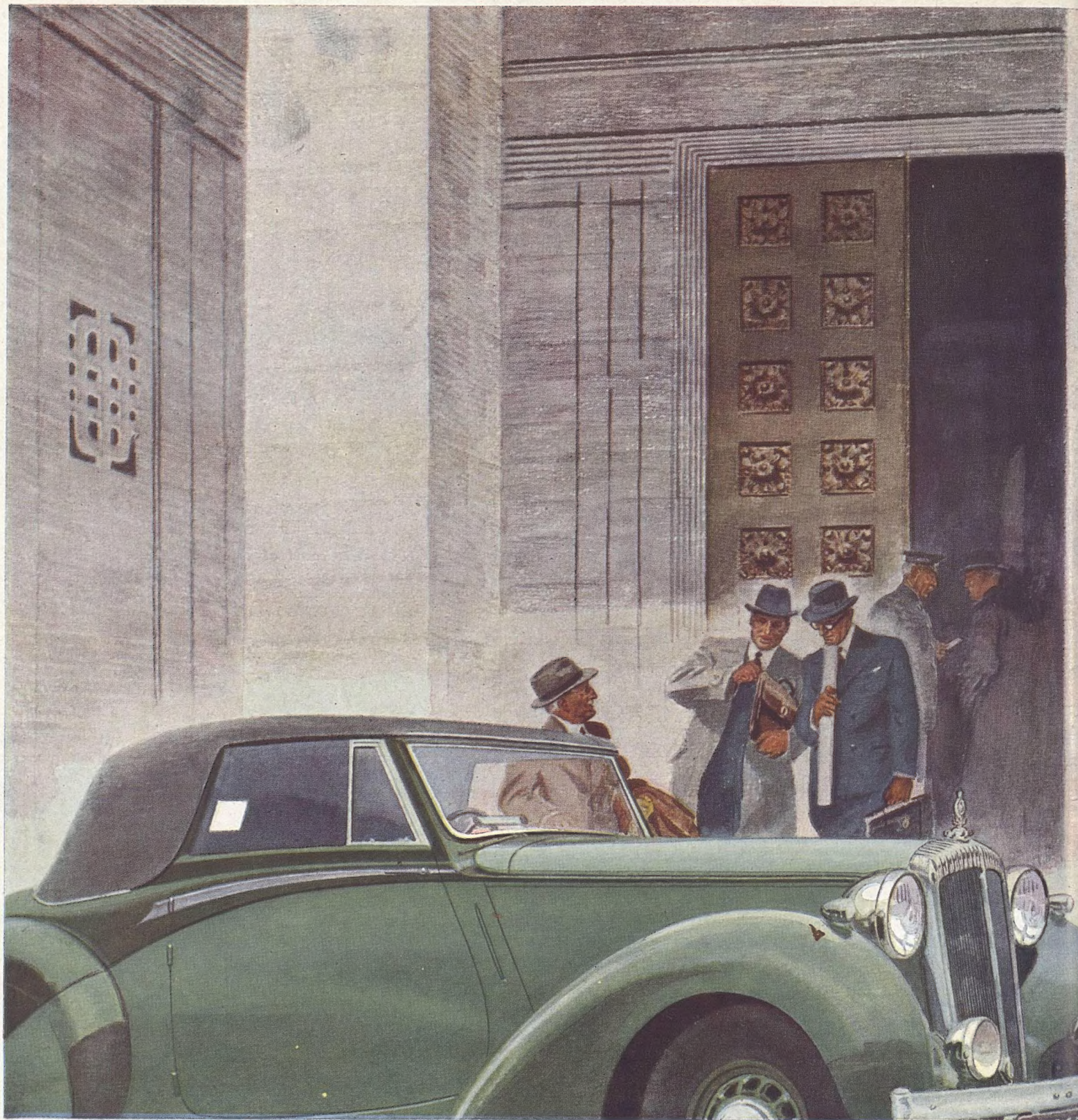
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